THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 18, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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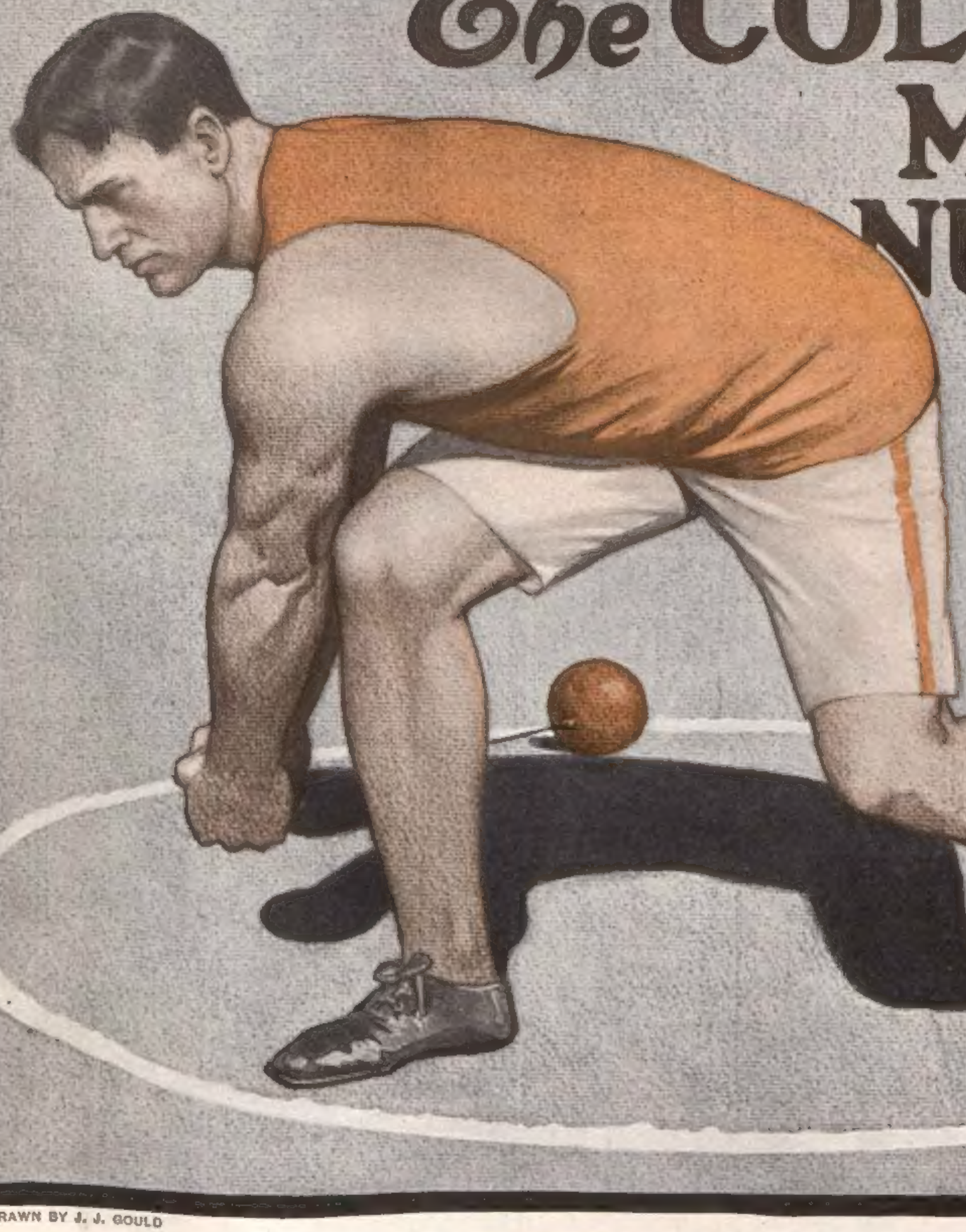

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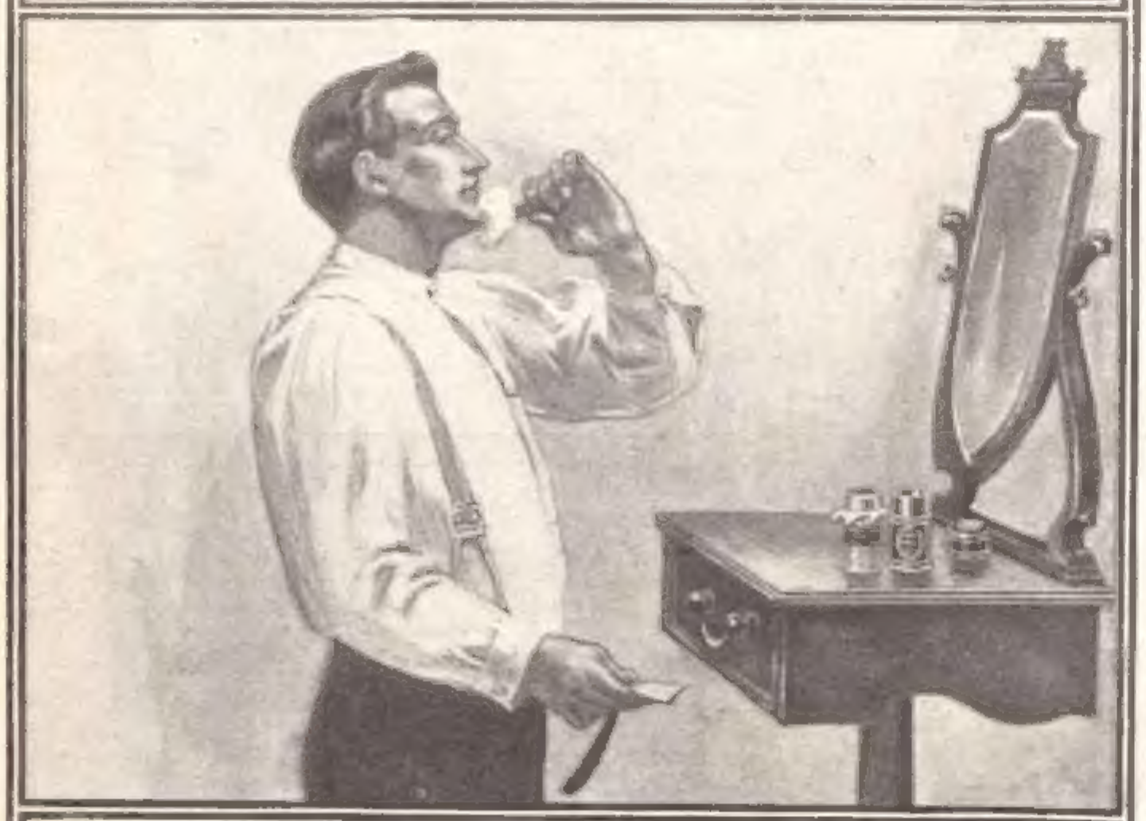

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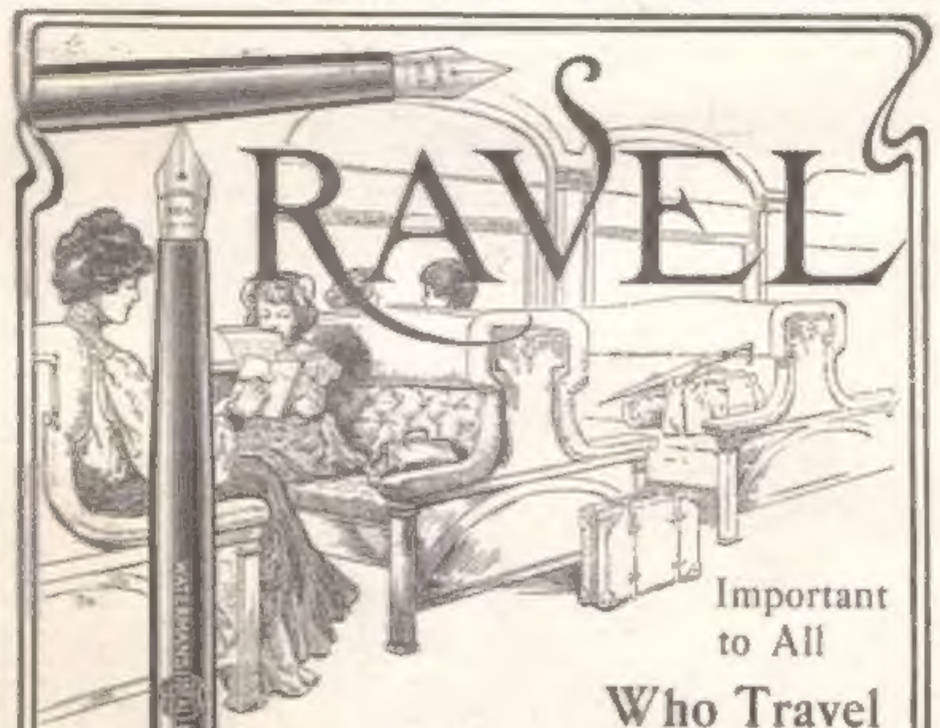

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18, 1904 Number 51

HOW THE KING DRANK TO HIMSELF

By Robert Barr

BESIDES being a writer of stories I am a keen reader of them, and nothing prejudices me so much against a literary effort as for the author to begin by stating that it is true, or at least founded on fact. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but my experience with it in reading is that it is synonymous with dullness, and I do not think that patient ass, fact, should be dragged forth to carry a stupid recital. I have some diffidence, therefore, in confessing that this story, to all intents and purposes, is true. Where I am likely to stray from exactitude is in matters of detail, for I know nothing of the society with which I have to deal, and although I might, by taking pains and seeking information, invest this narrative with a spurious local color, this could not deceive the elect, who would be well aware that I wrote as an outsider. So if I call an official a Warder when he is in truth a Rector there is little use in wasting a postage-stamp to inform me of my error, because I make this admission at the outset to ward off all such correction.

"The play's the thing," said Shakespeare, and it is to the play itself I direct your attention, hoping you will overlook minor deficiencies. I came by this story on the banks of the Mediterranean, far away from England, and it was told me by the grandson or the great-grandson of the man with whom it deals. The telling was so vivid that the cloudless sky above us and the sparkling water at our feet seemed to disappear, and I saw only the gloom of a rainy night in London, the flare of the lamps on wet pavements, and the hurrying crowd of muffled people. I shall call the man Michael Sheraton, because I am writing on a Sheraton table, and because I wish to conceal his identity. His real name—that is, his family name—is celebrated in the annals of England, and perhaps if he had had his chance in time, or rather if he had judiciously used his chance when it came first to him, he might have added to the lustre of his race. Years ago an ancestor was the greatest dramatist England possessed, whose plays even now hold the boards, and in our own day there died but recently a nobleman the most notable diplomatist of his generation. Midway between these two celebrities stood Michael Sheraton, belonging alike to the aristocracy of brains and the aristocracy of birth.

It was in the days when a King was upon the throne, but what King it was I shall not tell, because I don't know, having forgotten.

Michael Sheraton began life well. He took honors at his university, and graduated into his chosen profession with great credit to himself. He was fortunate enough to be possessed of a small income, which, though not enough to support an extravagant young man, was, nevertheless, sufficient to keep him from starving through that inevitable and dismal period when an unknown waits for clients. Outside of his profession he took a keen interest in politics, as was quite natural, because of the Irish blood in his veins, which may also account for the fact that he was a born orator whose eloquence seemed to sway a public meeting this way or that as he chose. His gifts attracted the attention of certain men in power, with the result that a constituency was bestowed upon him which elected him to the House of Commons because it was ordered to do so. There was no secret ballot in those days, and bribery was rampant; nevertheless, Sheraton's own platform speech and manner proved so captivating that he was elected by the largest majority the constituency had ever given. The world was his football. He was universally recognized as a coming man with a great future before him.

"GENTLEMEN, I CHARGE YOU DRINK TO THE ABSENT KING"

I imagine he recognized his own greatness a little too soon; I think he had also a touch of that arrogance which the Irish so impressively deplore in the Anglo-Saxon race, and which often attains its highest perfection in themselves. He was always listened to with attention in the House, but although his brilliancy was universally acknowledged, there was an uncertainty about it which caused grave uneasiness to the leaders of the dominant party. His wit was as vivid as lightning, but, by the same token, no one could predict where it would strike. He was as likely to turn the shafts of his ridicule upon his friends as upon his foes, and thus he gradually acquired the reputation of being a dangerous party man, not always to be depended upon. Many of the younger members believed they saw before them the future leader of the House, but the experienced shook their heads. They had seen the heavy road-roller of Parliament stolidity crush sparkling genius before, and expected to witness a like result again.

The Government brought in a bill which it was well known the King desired to have passed. I don't know what it was about, but very likely it was utterly indefensible. The Opposition knew this, but thought it an excellent opportunity to hold their tongues, being wise in their day and generation. Members spoke sarcastically in private, but it seemed to have been arranged between the leaders that the contest should be really a perfunctory sham fight.

Michael Sheraton gave no hint of his intentions. After a few half-hearted speeches by the Opposition, he caught the eye of the unsuspecting Speaker, and, as it did not matter who answered their opponents, the Government was careless. Sheraton would do as well as another, probably a little better.

But what was the Government's dismay when he rounded on them and tore the bill to tatters; and, as I have hinted, the bill lent itself to such treatment. Gloom sat on the Premier's brow and on the brows of his entourage. The Opposition listened with mingled feelings of amazement, delight and shame; the latter that none on their side had either the courage or the talent to stand thus boldly for the people's rights. They say that none there present ever heard such a speech. It was the making of a man or the ruin of him. Do not suppose I am trying to prove this man a hero, or to indicate that he was a self-selected champion of the common people against the tyranny of the great. I imagine he did not care the snap of his fingers for the rights or wrongs of the public. As he was a born orator, he was also born to opposition; he was on the wrong side of the House, that was all. Constitutionally he was "agin the Government." The House of Commons was to him a sort of political Donnybrook Fair; he had seen a head, and he hit it—hit it hard, too.

No one replied to him. A division was taken, and the Opposition gained one vote, that of Michael Sheraton. The bill became a law, and Sheraton became an outlaw, as one might say. His colleagues on both sides of the House gave him the cold shoulder, and he treated their attitude with scorn. It was rumored, doubtless with truth, that the King was in a rage over the speech. Sheraton stood his ostracism for some weeks, then he made the mistake of his life. He threw up his constituency and dared the Government to send down a candidate to oppose him, which challenge the Government silently but promptly accepted. If Sheraton had expected Opposition support he should have taken some pains to secure it before crossing the Rubicon, but calculation was not one of the elements of his nature, and the Opposition selected a candidate of their own, who was not Michael Sheraton. Thus there was a three-cornered struggle, and one of the liveliest fights the constituency had ever encountered. Sheraton gave them a run for their money—and his own. Every penny he possessed he put into the contest; he made a great fight, and addressed more open-air meetings than had ever been addressed in that division before in such a short space of time. Cheering crowds hung on his words, while the two nonentities who opposed him could hardly get a corporal's guard together to listen to either of them. The Opposition probably thought that Sheraton would divide the Government votes so that their man would slip in between the two. Such, however, was not the result. The Government candidate polled the normal majority, the Opposition the normal minority, and Sheraton came away with a few dozen votes, retiring a beaten, ruined and bitterly disappointed man.

There was now his profession left to him, and a long life before him in which to practice it. His income had ceased, for the futile election had absorbed his capital and given him nothing in return. England jogged on much as usual, and if the average of Parliamentary eloquence was lowered by his leaving the House, no one paid the slightest attention to the deficiency. As the philosopher remarked, "We are all wanted, but none of us very much," and this truth was borne home upon Michael Sheraton. He soon began to realize that he was not wanted at all. It was believed that Royalty had spurned him. It was known that the authorities looked askance at him, and clients avoided him as if he had the plague.

At last, lack of means turned him out of his chambers, because in brutal Anglo-Saxon London eviction for non-payment of rent goes on to this moment, without any fuss being made about it. Michael disappeared from among those who knew him, and then began long years of ever-deepening disaster, the struggle of a man to regain his footing, yet ever slipping lower and lower. He had had his chance and fumbled it; now Fate seemed determined he should never have another. He picked up a precarious living at copying, at penny-a-lining, at anything that was offered to him, getting more and more seedy as time passed on.

Privation and the passing years killed, one by one, those qualities which make a man hold up his head in the world. Ambition was the first to go; hope fled shortly after, and pride was ground out of him bit by bit, although for long one spark remained, a spark which kept him away from his former haunts and prevented him applying to any of his former acquaintances, for he had no real friends. But at last even that flickered out, and then he learned the bitter lesson that the world had completely forgotten him, and laughed at his assertion that he was once a member of Parliament and a man of position. He saw that they took his statement as the ludicrous boast of a tramp. When he pleaded for the humblest work that would keep the soul he disbelieved in within the body that hunger forbade him to doubt, he was ordered off the premises, and watched suspiciously until he was clear of them, and so he sank to accepting a trifle that any stranger, upon solicitation, might bestow. Hunger and thirst were his constant companions. It said much for the constitution his forefathers had bequeathed to him that hunger still clung to his ill-treated body, and one miserable, drizzling winter evening, almost driven mad by want, he stood beside an archway on a main thoroughfare and gazed into the darkness beyond, hesitation battling with such resolution as remained to him.

Down that narrow thoroughfare, to which the archway was the entrance, stood a stately building, whose interior was a grand dining-hall, with timbered roof, stained-glass windows, and dim oil paintings, by great artists, of English notables. Within an hour dinner would be served, with generous wines to wash it down. Sheraton's gaunt face, enframed with shaggy, unkempt hair, prematurely gray, was turned toward this banqueting-hall, and he remembered, almost with a gasp of laughter, that, well-guarded as it was, he had the right of entry there, while the best-dressed and richest stranger who hurried past him in the drizzle could not set foot across its threshold unless he belonged to the profession which Sheraton had followed, and to the organization which would be gathered that night within those ancient walls. Yet, although his right of admittance was valid, would it be allowed? Would the pompous chain-hung, decorated warder at the door permit such a specimen of the scum of earth to pass even if he proclaimed himself? Was he not more likely to call a constable and give the vagabond in charge? Well, what difference? Hunger impelled, pride was dead, and even in prison a meal awaited him. The hall or the jail, which did it matter, and so Michael Sheraton passed through the archway, came at last to the edifice, whose stained glass, lit within, sparkled like dim jewels in the dismal drizzle of the night. Before his courage entirely departed from him he mounted the steps, entered the long vestibule, and confronted the custodian.

DOWN THAT NARROW THOROUGHFARE WAS A GRAND DINING-HALL

No greater contrast could be imagined than was presented by these two men: the porter rubicund and well fed, dressed in the imposing costume of his position, visibly aware of the dignity of his office; the other emaciated, famine-stricken, an evident outcast, yet by law the one a menial, the other a gentleman. The porter, with a look of amazement not unmixed with contempt, placed his broad back against the door which gave entrance to the dining-hall. His repellent attitude brought the incomer to a halt, and as he stood there the water oozed from his broken shoes to the stone floor of the vestibule. Then recollecting his legal right, pulling himself together, he spoke in that deep voice which in former years had held his countrymen spellbound, and said two words:

"Michael Sheraton."

For one brief moment the porter gazed at him, and then, incredible as it may seem, he mentioned the year, long past, to which Sheraton belonged, deferentially bowed his head, stepped aside, and flung open the gates of Paradise. Entering the lofty dining-hall the myriads of lights dazzled him for a moment, then he saw there was a much larger attendance than he had expected, which all told in his favor, for he might pass unnoticed in the crowd. Groups of men stood here and there down the length of the room, young men most of them, and the hum of conversation was so loud that the opening of the door attracted no attention. The lengthy tables were laid for the feast, and uniformed waiters hurried hither and thither putting the final touches to the array. In the great chimney a huge fire burned, and to this spot Sheraton softly made his way, and seated himself in a vacant chair, which he shoved as near the wall as he could, hoping to escape observation; and, indeed, the laughing, vociferous assemblage apparently gave not a thought to him. His hope was that during the turmoil following the call to dinner he might slip unchallenged into a chair near the foot of the table. Once there he was at least sure of a meal, with a cup or two of wine, a prospect that almost overcame him as he sat secluded by the fire, whose warmth was now beginning to unnerve him, making him doubt the ultimate success of his quest, in spite of the astounding fact that he had penetrated thus far unobstructed. He knew what would happen: he would undoubtedly be detected by some one in authority, and his right to be present quietly questioned. If he maintained his rights they would endeavor as quietly to get rid of him, doubtless offering him a few shillings to dine elsewhere, or, perhaps, even a golden guinea. Half an hour since he would have accepted the money with cringing gratitude, but now he was not so sure of himself. Some remnant of his old self-respect, even of his old arrogance, seemed to be warming into life in this hall of his youth, and he began to fear it would so master him that he would strike the proffered coins to the floor, and quit the hall, starving as he was, with that dignity which an ancient Roman displayed in quitting this life, the result in each case the same, for it was borne in upon him that if he left that hall unfed it would be to crawl into some obscure corner to die. He began drowsily to wonder whether the pride which he supposed squalor had eliminated would at last pass sentence of death upon him. There was a commotion at the door, and that dignitary entered who may be called Warden, or Provost, or what not, but whom for the purposes of this narrative I shall term the Master. Sheraton at once recognized him, amazed at the slight change which passing prosperous years had made in face and figure. Beside him walked Lord Revelstone, with the ribbon of the Garter across his breast. Him also Sheraton recognized. There were various other important persons in the Master's party. This party moved up the room, receiving greetings here and there, and stood at the farther end. The Master spoke to this one and that, but all the time his eye was roving over the place as if anxious to see that everything was as it should be. Sheraton's heart almost stopped beating. If he escaped this keen scrutiny then was the battle won. A single word kept beating in his brain —"dinner, dinner, dinner!" He knew that the call must now soon come, and yet, somehow, it seemed strangely delayed. Apparently no one had noticed the incongruous figure by the fire. The Master's glance had passed him by, and that official was now giving orders to his assistants, who obeyed with silent alacrity. The race was so nearly won that Sheraton sat breathless, almost forgetting his hunger in the tension of the moment, knowing that not until he actually sat at the table could he be certain of his meal, but believing if he once got there he would not be disturbed, even if the Master's eye was turned directly upon him; and, after all, he kept repeating to himself, he was within his rights. Whatever his costume, he was no impostor, and this thought sustained him in the anxiety. One of the assistants, coming down the long table until opposite Sheraton, turned casually and approached him, then bending, said in a whisper:

"Sir, the Master does not recognize you. Would you oblige him with your name?"

The critical moment, long feared, had come, and found Sheraton almost unable to speak. Twice or thrice he moistened his lips, replying at last as quietly as the other had spoken, giving his name and his year. The servitor bowed, and threaded his way through the throng to the other end of the room. For a few minutes nothing happened, but presently the Master disentangled himself from those who surrounded him, walked unostentatiously to the fireplace, and held out his hand.

"Mr. Sheraton," he said, "you must forgive me for not recognizing you. Time flies and leaves its traces on us all in flying." Sheraton had risen unsteadily to his feet.

"I see little change in you, Master," he stammered.

The Master laughed.

"We mustn't flatter ourselves, Sheraton; we are neither of us as young as when last we met. I am pleased to see you here, although you have quite unconsciously interfered with our arrangements. The King dines with us to-night."

"I will retire at once, Master," muttered Sheraton.

"No, no; it is all right. He comes incog., you know: plain Mr. Harrison or Mr. Robinson, as you like. Indeed, his title for this evening is Baron Ayrshire. The arrangement that I spoke of was that Lord Revelstone was to take the chair, but I find you antedate him by two years on the register. You remember our custom, Sheraton: the oldest member takes the chair. You will have Baron Ayrshire at your right hand to-night."

"Master, that is impossible," murmured Sheraton, glancing at his steaming clothes.

"I quite understand," said the Master, leaning toward him, and lowering his voice. "I was in the same predicament myself last week at Oxford, and had to borrow a cap and gown, my own being mislaid or lost; indeed, it has not put in an appearance yet. You don't mind my making the offer? We're about the same size. I'm a trifle stouter, I fear, but that will make little difference. My man is just outside, luckily, in case I should have need of him, and my chambers are but a step round the corner. He'll valet you to perfection. Come," and, like a man in a dream, Sheraton followed the Master out into the hall, where the latter spoke a few words to his man; then to Sheraton:

"I have told him to lose no time, for you must be here to receive the Baron, for even though everything is to be completely informal, still we must have the Chairman with us. We sit down late to-night, as he is not due for an hour; but get back in half that time if you can."

The man led Sheraton through narrow alleys to the Master's chambers, taking him into a dining-room, when he set before him a glass of sherry and a plate of biscuits, evidently by the Master's orders.

"I shall lay out your clothes and prepare your bath," said the valet, "and will return for you in a few minutes."

The glorious sherry, older than himself, put new heart into the wanderer, and the biscuits stayed the immediate pangs of hunger.

Amazing is the influence of clothes. Washed, dressed and groomed Sheraton bore little resemblance to the tattered

(Continued on Page 20)

The Reformation of the Four Hundred

By Harrison Rhodes

I

THE FLAMBOYANTE, Central Park West,
October 9, 1903.

DEAR MOTHER: I have moved, as you see. The Wendell House is not exactly in a residential neighborhood, though father may have gone to it for years. Mr. Dickson—our manager, you know—recommended me to this place. It is like most New York hotels, very elegant and very expensive; but with the salary which father has arranged that I am to have from the New York branch, I can afford it, and I want to have a suitable place to live in and a good address. You can trust me not to lose my head and become reckless and extravagant just because I've never lived in a big city before. Of course, people here may laugh at the West, but I consider that a place like our own little city may have as elegant and cultivated a society as their great metropolis here; and, certainly, what social advantages there were in Grand Rapids our position gave us. I like to think of this, for, although I feel that I am wholly without snobbishness, still it gives one a certain sense of dignity.

My room looks out over the Park, a beautiful view to the east, where I see a great stretch of the house fronts of Fifth Avenue. You know—or perhaps you don't—it's one of the things I've learned since coming here—that that is the smart side of the Park, where the Four Hundred live. This is, of course, a mere ridiculous arbitrary fad. As though it could ever matter to any one with common-sense which side he lived on. Indeed, for serious, clean-minded people, with a strenuous and American outlook upon life, I am sure it would be unpleasant to be rubbing shoulders every day with worthless creatures like these New York society folks, who think themselves so much better than the rest of us and who are really just like every one else. They look so, at least—when I'm going by the Hotel Hyphen I generally walk through it and have a peep at the creatures.

At any rate, to return to my present location, it's all right. Mr. Dickson lives here in Ninety-fifth Street, and most of the friends I make through business live around here on the West Side. If I want to go out to make an evening call after dinner it is always handy. I am always ready, besides, for I put my Tuxedo on regularly for dinner. All the fellows at the hotel do, and I find I like it, though at first it seemed a little dressy.

Besides business acquaintances there are, of course, the people in the church. There is a Presbyterian church near here, but I thought I might as well go to the one on Fifth Avenue. It gives me a walk, and some pretty prominent people go to it. I'm bound to say, however, that if I had to depend on the acquaintances I made in church I'd be a "stranger in New York" for a long time. I introduced myself to the minister, who said he was glad to know me. Well, he *didn't* know me then and he hasn't made much progress since. As to speaking to anybody in the pew with you after church is over, you might about as well try to make friends in an elevated train. Fortunately, there is a young Mr. Stoniman's Bible-class at Doctor Snowhurst's church on Friday evenings, and there I meet some young men. Stoniman himself is very simple and democratic and friendly with all of us. He knew who father was, I was glad to find, and all about the furniture. Frankly, I suppose I am *not* quite in the same class with the other young men in the class. But I haven't been brought up to see any reason, as I told Stoniman, why the sons of men of wealth should never go to church. Of course, father is a poor man compared to his father, still we are very friendly Friday nights, and if he should ask me to call I should be glad to go and interested to see as fashionable a person as his wife.

There are quite a good many nice, earnest fellows in the class. I had a half-dozen of them to dinner at the hotel the other night. I think they enjoyed it very much, as most of them live in boarding-houses and cannot often dine at such a place as the Flamboyante. They all wore Tuxedos, and altogether it was quite a smart little bachelor affair.

There is more that I must write you later about the church and its life. Doctor Snowhurst, who is a remarkable and inspiring man, is organizing a most wonderful reform league of which you shall hear more when his plans are more perfected.

I'm so glad you and sister are coming East during the winter. I am lonely sometimes, I confess, and I think I'm enough of a New Yorker now to give you a good time.

Your affectionate son, JOHN.

P. S. I inclose menu of the dinner the night the fellows dined here. The Flamboyante sets a pretty good table, doesn't it? As you see on the bill-of-fare, we have absolutely pure water from the hotel's own artesian well, but I wanted to do the thing handsomely, so I gave them their choice of White Rock or Apollinaris as well. J.

II

THE FLAMBOYANTE,
January 3, 1904.

My dear Mother: You can't imagine, unless you see all the New York papers—which I don't imagine you do—what an excitement our "League for the Reformation of Social Amusements" has caused, and what a lot of praise and of ridicule it has received. It is impossible to take up a paper without finding something about Doctor Snowhurst and the "Reformers of the Four Hundred," as we are commonly called. I am secretary for our branch, and I send you some of the clippings in which I am mentioned. There are a great many more. Why, the clerk here and even one of the bell-boys asked me about the league. I feel almost like a celebrity. Surely it is a noble and unusual work we are engaged in, that of uniting all the serious and respectable classes to take a firm stand against the frivolous pleasures now prevalent among us. It is wrong in one sense to say that we aim merely to reform the Four Hundred, yet we certainly consider them the source of this pernicious influence which is changing American social life for the worse. An idle, luxurious, vicious set they are; the married women flirt, and even the girls smoke and drink champagne, I hear, while as to what the men do the less said the better, though life in New York gives even a mere observer like myself an idea of what is open to them. And these are the people who consider themselves on a plane above the rest of us, like royalty, and this largely as a result of mere newspaper notoriety. Well, even I've lately had some of that, yet I suppose they would consider me socially beneath their notice. But there isn't and cannot be such a thing as social classes in democratic, big-hearted America; besides, although I was brought up in a small town, I was certainly in the very smallest and swellest set there, the Fifty of Grand Rapids, if one were to adopt their ridiculous slang.

Furthermore, I do know some fashionable people—have met them in connection with league work. You know, there are people here, well born and cultivated, some of them the old Dutch families, who really consider these new-rich people of the newspapers as mere upstarts. The people I have met are two Miss Laceys who live on the lower part of Fifth Avenue near Washington Square. Doctor Snowhurst has somehow induced them to go on our committee, and when there was a question of where it should meet I suggested that perhaps it would be less trouble for the Miss Laceys if we met at their house; so now I can write you about it. It is very attractive, though it is full of a good deal of old furniture, even black walnut, such as we discarded years ago. But I guess they're pretty well off and could afford new things if they wanted them. It is a real pleasure to be working with such people, a great stimulus. And yet I don't know that they are quite as strenuous as Doctor Snowhurst would wish.

"I don't suppose we shall be able to reform society itself," I heard one of them say to him the other day, "but if we can do anything to keep people from silly attempts to imitate these *nouveaux riches* I'm sure it would be a great good."

You see that they don't think much of the Four Hundred. Yet they're in it, and that's why they will be so useful on my committee.

I am delighted to hear of Gertie's engagement, . . . etc., etc. Yours affectionately, JOHN.

P. S. I forgot to say that I'm considering leaving the Flamboyante. The West Side *is*, perhaps, a little far uptown, especially now that I have more of this league work. Besides, I think one comes to feel the vulgarity of these enormous, gorgeous hotels. As Miss Lacey said the other day, to judge from the present appearance of New York, gold and Gobelin tapestry were the cheapest things to be found here. I've been looking at some rooms at a small hotel in Fifth Avenue rather far down. They are more expensive than these here, but, as some one was saying the other day, what a young man in modern New York most feels the lack of is privacy and quiet. J.

III

THE HARROWFIELD, Fifth Avenue,
February 15, 1904.

Dear Mother: Of course, I'm awfully disappointed that you and sister can't get on here yet. But I am really pretty busy, so perhaps it is all for the best. Of course, I shall hope to see something of Gertie and Tom when they are on here for their honeymoon, but I hope they understand that my time is not entirely free. At least, do tell them not to go to the Hotel Hyphen. When they think they are seeing smart New Yorkers they'll only be seeing other Westerners.

The work of the league progresses. Several of the papers have promised to make their social news less gossipy and personal in character. Not all, however. My interview with the editor of Smart Snips I have no wish to recall. Its only result was a couple of paragraphs, of an alleged humorous character, about me. I suppose I must expect that sort of thing and suffer it for the good of the cause. And, after all, S. S. writes about every one of any importance.

The branches in the churches uptown, especially those on the West Side toward Harlem, report an increasing willingness to turn to plain living and high thinking. For example: one woman wrote in to say that her dinner-parties had been costing her ten dollars a plate and that she was going to cut them down to five. This is, of course, hopeful (though there was a woman on the committee, an intimate friend of the first woman, who said that she didn't believe her dinners ever cost above one-sixty-three, and that she believed the woman only wrote in to get the advertisement, as she knew we printed all such letters). Still, I think we are making a fight against extravagance. It's providential, almost, I think, that hard times have come just now. (How bully it is the way the furniture trade holds up!) It's providential, too, although it does come pretty regularly, that Lent has come. We have

hopes that during this quiet season we can interest the really fashionable people in the league. So far it must be admitted that progress with them has been slow. The younger Miss Lacey said the other day that the trouble with the league was—and sometimes I think she doesn't take it very seriously—that we were trying to reform the Four Hundred, and so few of us knew the Four Hundred and whether they especially needed reforming or not. I answered that it should be part of the league's work to make them know us and us them, and that so far as I was concerned I was ready and willing to undertake this personal kind of mission.

"And what would you tell Mrs. Morpont when you met her?" asked the elder Miss Lacey.

"I should tell her," I replied, "exactly what I think of her and the life her set lead."

"I should like to be there when it happens," said the younger Miss Lacey.

"I don't know, sister," said the other meditatively; "you remember how they say that all young Harry Kareer's success came from telling Mrs. Morpont when he was introduced that her hair was ridiculously dressed, and taking a rose out of a vase near by and adjusting it over her ear. You can never tell. It's just possible——"

"I believe you're right, Janet," cried out the younger Miss Lacey, laughing, but rather excited. "If Mr. Hutchinson would only abuse them in the way he says he would, I believe he would be an enormous social success."

I was not in the least daunted by all this, and "Come what might I should speak the truth," I said. To-day I got a note from Miss Lacey asking me to luncheon Sunday. None of the others of the committee are asked, so it must be that I'm going in a purely social way. Do you suppose . . . etc., etc. JOHN.

IV

THE HARROWFIELD,

February 20, 1904.

Dear Mother: It *was* to meet Mrs. Morpont, and I can scarcely hope to give you an idea of the day. Luncheon itself was very good, but really there wasn't much. And you may as well know at once that I drank a glass of claret. Of course, I and the league are against drinking in society, but the glasses were very small. And could I offend the Miss Laceys, who, I suppose, have seen wine served every day since they were children, by seeming to suggest that they are drunkards? I am not a bigot, and, though I was rigidly teetotal in Grand Rapids, and, indeed, up to now here, I am, I hope, a man of the world, too, and know when to be firm and when to yield judiciously. I feel that our cause is helped every time that one of its advocates is able to meet the enemy on terms of equality in culture, breeding and knowledge of life. For example, I dressed myself very carefully in my frock coat, saw to it that my silk hat was ironed on Saturday, and bought myself at Rudd's—the smartest gents' furnisher here—a tie of the shade of browny-gray, which is the very latest thing. In this I wore a pin—I don't know whether I've mentioned buying it at Miffany's—with a pink pearl in it. I think I looked well dressed, and I felt much more confidence going to the Miss Laceys' than I otherwise should.

Mrs. Morpont was there! Think of it, your son sat at luncheon next absolutely the most fashionable person in New York. I had really hardly expected it, for although I thought the Miss Laceys liked me and were amused by me—they laugh at so many things I say, even things that scarcely seem funny to me—I didn't feel sure that when they received me they did so socially, if you know what I mean. I was impressed, I don't deny it, yet my belief in democracy came to my rescue. At any rate, it was up to me to speak plainly to Mrs. Morpont after what I'd said; and I did, telling her what we thought of the Four Hundred and their ways of entertaining. At first I think she was hot, and I thought she'd just about wipe up the luncheon-table with me, when the younger Miss Lacey leaned over and said:

"Eva, dear" (this shows how intimately she knows her)—"Eva, dear, Mr. Hutchinson is secretary of a branch of that league I told you about for reforming you all. I thought you ought to hear him."

And then Mrs. Morpont, after looking at the younger Miss Lacey, began to smile all of a sudden.

"Well, I don't know that it isn't rather refreshing, after all," she said laughingly. "I agree with a great deal Mr. Hutchinson says. I'm sure I don't want to bother to get up novel and expensive entertainments for the wretched creatures. But if I didn't I just don't believe they'd come."

This sounded so sympathetic that I asked her at once if she wouldn't come to luncheon some day to talk about the league with Doctor Snowhurst, Miss Lacey and myself. She looked a little surprised at first, then, laughing again, said she would, and fixed Thursday.

"Where?" she asked.

"Anywhere you wish," I answered.

"Madeira's, I suppose," she said—then, "There really isn't any other place, is there?"

So Madeira's it is. Of course, it's an extravagant restaurant, and the league is against extravagance, but it wouldn't have been exactly manners to complain, and, of course, I can afford it, fortunately. Besides, all the fashionable people go there, and it may do a great deal of good to have them see Mrs. Morpont there with me. I've been to-day to reserve a table. At first the head waiter wasn't sure about keeping one: said they were so crowded they couldn't hold them. But when I gave him a couple of dollars and mentioned casually that Mrs. Morpont was coming he was sure enough, all right. Apologized for having forgotten me (funny, because I've only been there once with Ida and her husband), and is going to keep Mrs. Morpont's favorite table. You might like to hear what I'm having to eat. Caviare, oyster cocktails, consommé in cups, kingfish meunière (or some such word), sweetbreads done some fancy way, imported English pheasant, chiffonade salad, strawberry shortcake, coffee. It sounds a little elaborate, perhaps, to you, and, of course, the league would be against anything elaborate. But the head waiter, who suggested the menu, said yes, he should certainly call it a simple little luncheon, *bien simple*, and I don't want to seem stingy, of course. He was really helpful. Told me that Mrs. Morpont drank at luncheon a Moselle wine (it is rather dear) called Berncastler Doctor. I guess, perhaps, it may have been recommended medicinally to her. Of course, I shall drink a little of it myself. I am perfectly open about this, you see. But I think if you lived in New York you would see that one cannot be altogether rigid. These people are absolutely accustomed to having something to drink at meals, just as you, dearest, are accustomed to your cereal coffee, and you know how you felt when you couldn't get that at the hotel in Boston.

I think I've got rather confused, for I've forgotten to say that I've another guest—two, rather: Florry Cuthbertson—that is, Mrs. Jack Cuthbertson, but she's always spoken of as Florry, in that set, I mean—and Fitzhugh Forbes, a young Englishman who is here this winter, a nephew of Lord Torquay's. I don't know either of them, but this is how it happened. We were discussing the way I had talked to Mrs. Morpont.

"On the whole," said Mrs. M., "I think you are rather a remarkable young man. Do you mean to say that it is your idea that you will tell every woman in society what you think of her?"

I said, more or less, that I should, if it was for her own good.

"My dear," said Mrs. Morpont to the younger Miss Lacey, "he must meet Florry Cuthbertson. I should simply love to hear him tell her a few home truths. May I bring her, Mr. Hutchinson?"

Of course, I said yes. I knew well enough who Mrs. Jack Cuthbertson was; the papers are always talking about her. But I didn't know all that Mrs. Morpont told me about how unhappy she makes her husband, and how she is always flirting, if not more, with some young man or other. An admirable subject for reformation, I feel sure.

It occurred to me later, and I mentioned it, that we ought to have another man to luncheon.

"Certainly we ought," said Mrs. Morpont. "Luncheon is so dull with an extra woman. Whom can we get?"

"Well," I said, "would Mr. Morpont or Mr. Cuthbertson ——"

"Oh, rather not," she interrupted. "Tom is—well, very busy, and you wouldn't see Florry at her best, no, her worst—oh, which do I mean?—if Jacko were there. Let's see. Yes, I'll bring Mr. Fitzhugh Forbes. Do you know him? No? Well, he's an Englishman, and he'd be interested. Yes, I'll ask him; I happen to be going to see him to-day."

I should almost think you and sister *would* rather go South than come on here. The climate in March is horrible, they say. . . . etc., etc. Yours most devotedly, JOHN.

V

THE HARROWFIELD,

February 23.

Dear Mother: The luncheon went off very well. "Such a good little luncheon, not too elaborate," Mrs. Morpont said. I was glad then I had kept it quite simple. Forbes seems a nice chap, good looking and very smartly dressed, with, of course, a very attractive English accent. I can't say I think he felt any great interest in the league. Well, why should he? Florry Cuthbertson was really awfully amusing, and with an air of saying things which, in Grand Rapids, would be thought—it only shows, I suppose, what a thing the real tone of society is.

"Eva Morpont," she said, the moment she arrived, "why haven't I met this young man before? I've heard about the league, Mr. Hutchinson, and I'm sure I'm in sympathy with it. There are far too many nice-looking young men in New York that we women in society don't know. Don't you agree with me, Eva darling?"

Luncheon went so pleasantly I might almost have forgotten the league, but toward dessert Mrs. Morpont urged me to tell Mrs. Cuthbertson what we felt about the morals of society. And, of course, what Mrs. Morpont says goes in New York. So I did, in general terms, touching on the sacredness of the married relation. Doctor Snowhurst got into this conversation, and then luncheon ended.

Mrs. Morpont asked me to come and see her; and Mrs. Cuthbertson asked if she could drop me anywhere on her way uptown. I had intended going back to the office that afternoon, but I didn't. The minute we were in the brougham she turned to me.

"That cat, Eva Morpont, has been talking to you about me, I can see that. And a nice person she is, with Fitz Forbes there at the table. He interested in your league! Why, my dear, he and Eva——"

And after this little burst of anger she quieted down and talked in a most interesting way. She is very pretty, and, I think, perhaps she is misjudged. Her husband must be a brute, and she, although she seems so bright and gay, is really very unhappy. I am truly sorry for her, and am going to see her on Tuesday, the day after I go to Mrs. Morpont's, . . . etc., etc. JOHN.

VI

THE CROFTON CHAMBERS, East Sixty-third Street,

May 15.

Dear Mater: I am sorry to have gone so long without writing, but I've been engaged every night almost, and my days have been pretty well full up. Then this beastly fag of moving. But I'm glad to get into diggings of my own. Besides, it was really too far downtown at the Harrowfield. That part of town is all right, of course, with lots of nice old-fashioned people like the Laceys, but it's rot to pretend that it's any longer the real thing. Here one's near the Park if one rides, and close enough to places where one might be dining to save cab fares constantly. I like this place. It is filled mostly with Union Club men, and the valet service is corking.

There are two business matters I'm writing to the governor about by this same mail. Say a word or two for me, will you? First, I ought to have rather more money. I had to pay a half-year's rent in advance on signing the lease of this place; then the automobile has been expensive—when you take people out you've generally got to lunch or dine them, and decently. I really spend very little compared with other young men who go about at all in society.

Second, you know, perhaps, that there is some of the company's preferred stock to be had this month. The governor thought of investing some of Cousin Ida's money in it. Now, I want to let it go to a friend of mine, Mrs. Archie Hough, a dear little woman, just out of mourning for her husband. It's a gilt-edge investment, and I don't see why we shouldn't think of our friends when we've such a thing to dispose of. Mrs. Archie wants me to fix it for her; she has to be very careful with her money in order to keep up her place here and in Newport, too. I may possibly be running up to stay with her there, though she hasn't set any special date yet.

Yours as ever, JOHN.

P. S. Why don't you come on now? Almost everybody is away, and we could have a week or two of theatres. I'm glad you are settled at St. Clair Springs for the summer. No, I shall hardly go West. I think the business needs me here, and I can run into the country for an occasional week-end, and sometimes go up to Newport.

You ask about the league. It is flourishing, I understand. I haven't been able to go to the last two meetings, as I happened to be dining out. I am sure it will do a great work in bringing the different classes of the community to a better comprehension of each other. For no one is, perhaps, quite so black as he is painted. Fashionable people, for example, are very like other people, only better dressed, better mannered and more amusing. As to snobbishness, that does unquestionably exist and should be rooted out. I have certainly encountered it in people who took a doubting tone about me when they met me. But, after all, much as we cry out against exclusiveness, it would be a physical impossibility to ask every one to dinner in a town the size of New York. Why, even the Stonimans don't go everywhere, by any means. In spite of themselves, the Four Hundred are obliged to exercise some choice. Of course, sometimes they choose badly, but, again, they sometimes choose well.

Yours, J.

VII

THE CROFTON CHAMBERS,

November 1, 1904.

My dearest Mother: The visit of Cousin Ida and her husband was a great delight and we constantly went out together. Now, if you and sister will really come I shall be truly happy. Not that I'm not busy. I found this autumn that the interest in the league seemed to have dropped a little in our branch, and I am putting forth every effort to revive it. A ringing protest must always be going forth against the effeteness and snobbishness of society. I had my experience of it—I felt it my duty to learn something—and am now glad to withdraw. I have learned how little their friendship means. The kindness of the women is only to add another young man's scalp to those already dangling at your belt, to take his money, and even to make fun of him. The men take your dinners and champagne and behind your back call you outsider and bounder. You may be the fad for a moment and then forgotten or even cut direct. When I think that Mrs. Hough never so much as asked me to luncheon at Newport, and that twice this autumn I have called on Mrs. Cuthbertson and been told she was out when I positively knew she was at home, I cannot be too thankful that my own good sense leads me to turn the cold shoulder to such people. I come to the league's work with redoubled vigor and energy. Thank Heaven, I am a true American and no snob. Yours with love, JOHN.

FRANCE SAID NO

An Intimate Account of the Duc de Morny's Reception of the Confederate Mission

By E. G. DUNNELL

REGARD for a sentiment as embodied in its motto by a republic, submerged though that republic had been by the power of the empire, set up and maintained by the military forces of Napoleon III, was made the pretext for the refusal to recognize the Southern Confederacy and to extend to it the material aid it sought from France. Soon after Messrs. Mason and Slidell had been ordered to Europe as Commissioners of the Confederacy, and after they had been released from imprisonment by the United States, with an apology to Great Britain for their arrest and detention in disregard of international law, they resumed their voyage triumphantly and soon established themselves abroad. As an assistant and adviser President Davis sent out to them Colonel Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Davis' own State of Mississippi, who had found military life absolutely uncongenial and had left the army. A lawyer of more than local reputation, a gentleman of agreeable presence and manners, he was fully qualified to cooperate with Mason and Slidell. It was intended that Lamar should eventually become the Confederate Commissioner to Russia. When they reached Paris Napoleon III was at the zenith of his power and glory. The empire seemed fixed beyond the chance of subversion, the radical Republicans were submissive or silent, the imperial projects of improvement of public works were in full progress, prosperity seemed to have come to stay, the people of Paris were proud of its increased and growing attractiveness for strangers, the beautiful and graceful Empress was enjoying a species of popular idolatry, and the Confederate Commissioners met with a reception from those they encountered that inspired them with the most sanguine hopes of immediate success in their mission.

While Mr. Lamar was an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, nearly forty years after the Civil War had ceased, and after he had been a Senator of the United States and a member of the Cabinet of President Cleveland, he related to the writer an account of his diplomatic errand to France and the reason for its failure. He was still a strong, healthy man, and greatly resembled, with his long hair and flowing beard and mustache, the most familiar portraits of Charles Dickens. Not long after he began to shrivel away with disease, and before his death lost all the personal characteristics that had made him one of the most picturesque of public men.

"When I recall my life in Paris while I was trying to win recognition and help for the Confederacy," said he, as he lay back in his easy chair and tossed aside a paper-covered novel by The Duchess, an author for whom he confessed a great partiality, "it seems to me that they were the most hopeful days of my life. They turned out to be but the forerunners of the days of bitterest disappointment and failure. It was better so, but at the time I could not believe it.

"It seemed to me that all France was our friend. Paris certainly was—at least that part of it with which we came in contact. Everybody listened with eager attention and sympathetic excitement to the story of our expectations, to our sanguine promise of what we should do when we were able to turn away from war and develop our inexhaustible resources under the smiling auspices of peace and prosperity. Frenchmen of substance and of affairs rejoiced with us in anticipation of our success. These friends maintained that France unquestionably would celebrate with delight any agreement the Emperor would make in complying with our requests. Such an agreement would, they told us, secure to us the advantage of a direct market for our cotton, while we should derive the reciprocal advantage of procuring in return those French manufactures for which there would be a larger and extending demand in the Southern Confederacy, free from the burdens that had been imposed by the custom houses. They knew our history, our heroes, our Washington and Jefferson, about as well as we did. Not a man of these zealous friends of the South who did not speak enthusiastically of our long-continued friendship, and all knew that their Citizen Genet, whom Washington had sent home to France with a flea in his ear, because he had transcended his instructions in interfering with our domestic affairs, had first landed in the South and had been warmly defended by Jefferson until his offenses became so rank that not even Jefferson could defend them.

"We pursued a course of operations marked out by Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and agreed that everything was going on most auspiciously. We were assured that we should succeed, and we felt that the assurances were justified. There were no more confident men in Paris. The friendliness shown for the Confederacy in Great Britain may have told against us, but it was not enough to depress our spirits. When we began to figure out what we had really accomplished we were surprised to discover that it did not yet amount to much. It dawned upon us that we were not bringing the Government to a decision. It was all genial assurances and nothing definite. Over and over again it looked as if the Confederacy was about to be recognized, but just at the critical moment some polite excuse was given for necessary procrastination. The Emperor was talked with, unofficially, several times. He manifested as much interest in our undertaking as he ever did in anything that did not immediately and chiefly concern his own country, and then invariably referred us to his Ministers for further explanations—always with the greatest politeness. But neither he nor his Minister of State could be brought to the point of putting ink and paper together to frame the agreement by which our success would have been crowned. 'A mere clerical formality,' said the Emperor, when our lack of progress was suggested, 'to be quickly disposed of when the rest is done.' That was very true, but we could not get anybody to arrange those necessary preliminaries.

"The man of greatest influence with the court of Napoleon III, outside the Ministry, or in it, for that matter, was acknowledged to be the Duc de Morny, president of the Corps Législatif. He had been one of Napoleon's most useful instruments in effecting the *coup d'état* when the Empire displaced the Republic. Napoleon rewarded De Morny by helping him into the place he then held. He was the natural brother of Napoleon III, the son of Hortense Beauharnais and Count de Flahaut, famous as the greatest dandy of his time. The Duc de Morny adopted him, and he carried that name to his grave.

"It became my task to devote my time and abilities to winning De Morny. I met him under good auspices, and came to be known and much favored by him. He was a very worldly man of the world, of whom not very much good could be said—a model, as he desired to be known, in dress for all young France, and so for the youth of the world. If his father had been a dandy before him, he was certainly a worthy son of his father in being fastidiously correct in every detail of dress. His public manners were unexceptionable. Bad as he was, I came to have a great liking for him. We had repeated talks on the question of vital interest to me, in all of which he seemed to take a lively and sympathetic concern in what I had to say; but all resulted in postponement. The decision I prayed for was always about to be reached. At last the patience of my associates was becoming exhausted, and urgent messages from home, representing Mr. Davis' anxiety as desperate, drove us to the conclusion to bring negotiations to a close, whether for or against us.

"I went to my lodgings and wrote a hurried request for an opportunity to talk with De Morny next morning. It was immediately answered. The response said: 'Come by all means. Do me the honor to join me at breakfast. My carriage will come for you at eleven. I shall await you with pleasurable anticipations.' What could be desired more than this, except a definite answer to my plea for assistance?

"De Morny was a most cordial and hospitable host. As we sat at the elaborate breakfast, served with every consideration that could tempt appetite and gratify a sense of luxury, De Morny chattered away, pouring out endless gossip about men and affairs, always bubbling over with delight in the wondrous development of delightful Paris, the undisputed primacy of France as the leader of fashion and the arbiter of taste in all matters of art and science, the leader of the world! It seemed to be his ambition to maintain that leadership for his country, and especially that it should be acknowledged as the pattern for the fashions of civilization. Not a word that suggested a thought about anything more serious. I listened, and showed more interest than I really felt in the talk of this reckless, dissipated, parasitic adventurer, who was known to be getting rich with enormous wealth without legitimate business outside his office, which he undoubtedly was using corruptly at every opportunity. The law-making body was his creature, and he was enjoying the favor that the brother of the Emperor could feel sure would be continued until the *coup d'état* should be forgotten or forgiven. With me the consideration was only that he exerted power, and that I hoped he would be prevailed upon to use it in behalf of my mission.

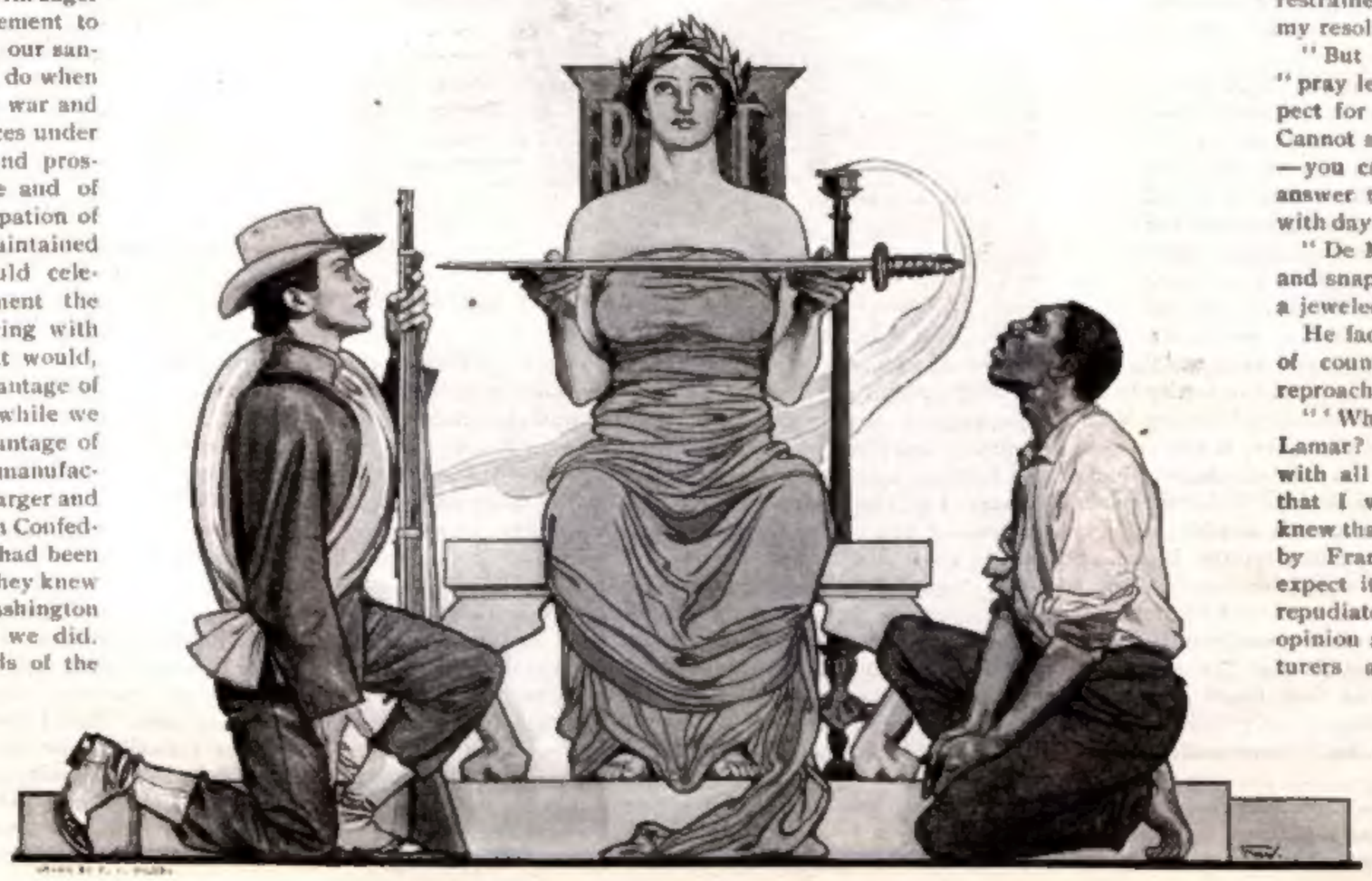
"At the table De Morny would not let business—my business—be mentioned. Delightful as was the meal, it seemed to me interminable; and it was all France and French ambitions about which we conversed. After breakfast we went out upon a terrace, with a gay canvas pavilion fluttering in the light breeze. De Morny leisurely lighted a cigar, which I declined, not being a smoker, and then we began pacing slowly up and down to enjoy the agreeable mid-day air. He had just told me of the prodigious improvements that were to be effected under the direction of the Baron Haussmann, which I heard with polite but ill-restrained impatience, when I summoned my resolution and broke forth:

"'But my dear De Morny,' said I, 'pray let me ask you to tell me the prospect for favorable action on our mission. Cannot something be done? Can you not—you can, if anybody can—give me an answer to the question I have vexed you with day after day, 'Will France help us?'"

"De Morny stopped short in his walk, and snapped the ashes from his cigar with a jeweled finger.

He faced me with a serious expression of countenance. He spoke regretfully, reproachfully:

"'Why do you insist, my dear M. Lamar? Have I not put off this moment with all possible ingenuity? You know that I would say "Yes" at once, if I knew that my consent would be supported by France. No; all France does not expect it; all France opposes and would repudiate it. You have mistaken the opinion and wish of the cotton manufacturers and those who are interested with them in cotton industries for the opinion and wish of the whole country. But the people of France—that is another matter.



(Concluded on Page 18)

Going to College Without Money

By Charles F. Thwing

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, Cleveland

THE number of American boys poor in purse, rich in brain, is large. Many of such boys wish to go to college. Not a few of such boys believe they cannot go. They know that money is necessary for going to college, and money they lack.

For such boys and to such boys I wish to say that they should at least make the attempt to go. Boys of a certain type who do make the attempt will succeed. What, therefore, is the type of the boy who should make the attempt? Upon the answer to this question hinges the whole matter.

The boy who can worthily make the attempt to go to college, having little or no money, should embody at least six elements:

First. He is to have a sound body. His health should be vigorous. The burdens which he will lay upon his body and the strain to which he must subject his health will be heavy. Only good physical condition can bear up against the pressure.

Second. The boy should have an adequate intellectual preparation for pursuing the studies of the college course. In his endeavor to earn his own keep he will use up time and strength which, if he were free from these necessities, he would give to his intellectual work. In order, therefore, for him to maintain a good place as a student he should enter college, if it be possible, with a certain surplus of scholastic attainment. If a boy poor in purse is thinking of going to college, but finds himself not well prepared to enter, he should delay in order to make his preparation amply sufficient.

Third. The boy of the type who is coming to college should be a boy of facility in doing things. He should be, to use a most convenient epithet, handy. He should have an instinct for work, for finding it, and for doing it.

Fourth. The element of handiness has close relation to another necessary element—faithfulness. The instinct to duty should be strong. Whatever task is given should be performed with both honesty and honor. He should seek not only to do his duty but more than his duty. He should earn more than he receives; give in service more than he gets in pay.

Fifth. Moreover, the boy should, of course, possess a sound character. The cardinal virtues should indeed be cardinal in his constitution. Justice, temperance, forbearance, benevolence should represent the great square of his character. Any ethical weakness, however slight, might prove serious.

Sixth. In the last place, the boy who is working his way through college must possess the element of pluck, patience, persistence. His will must be strong. He is in grave peril of becoming tired and of giving up the struggle. The struggle is long and hard. He will need his second wind, his third wind. His determination is to be firm and fixed.

The boy who embodies these elements may worthily attempt giving himself an education. He will find opportunities of earning money. He will find the college making to him grants out of its funds. He will find friends, unknown to him in person, rising to bless him with their gifts.

The kinds of work that the man putting himself through college performs are many and diverse. Serving as waiters in college eating-clubs, as janitor or caretaker of college buildings, as salesmen or collectors, street-lamp lighters, tutors, church janitors, theatre ushers, laundry-route agents, teachers in night schools and social settlements, caring for furnaces, mowing lawns, serving as clerks in hotels, represent a few of the many kinds of work offered.

With examples of amounts that are earned by college students I am not unfamiliar. Mr. X. during his Freshman year earned by clerking in a store $40. In the last three years of his course his earnings were as presented in this table:

Sophomore Year:	
Waiting on table	$55.00
Working on Saturdays in shops	50.00
Working during Christmas and Easter vacations	30.00
Working in college library	20.00
Copying for a professor	15.00
	$170.00
Junior Year:	
Working in shops Saturdays	$40.00
Lighting street lamps	185.00
	$225.00
Senior Year:	
Lighting street lamps	$200.00
Working in college office	75.00
Tutoring	75.00
	$350.00

Mr. Y. in his Freshman year received $50 in prizes, and in his Sophomore year by office work he earned $125 and by other work $50. In his Junior year he earned $300 by office work. During his Senior year and summer vacation he earned $650, a larger amount than he spent.

Mr. Z. earned in his college course $908.80. The larger amount was derived from serving as college janitor at twenty cents an hour, from serving as a tutor in a family at $6 a week, from taking charge of a boys' club three nights a week at $1.50 a night, from serving as night watchman of college buildings, and from acting as a general utility man in a private family.

The experiences of these three men are typical. They illustrate the truth that the man of sound body, well prepared to do the intellectual work of the college, having facility, faithful in service, sound in character, and possessed of pluck, may worthily and wisely make the attempt to give to himself an education.

AN UNAPPRECIATED TIP

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of Cheerful Americans, Etc

WHEN I left the wholesale drygoods house of Belknap, Chapman & Co. it was not by my own desire. I was a clerk there, and I left it to satisfy a whim of Tom Chapman. Looking back at it now I am free to admit that in giving vent to this whim Tom Chapman showed good sense, an attribute that had seldom showed itself as being possessed by me during my clerkship.

I was eighteen then. I am pretty nearly twice that now, and in some things I think I am wiser. I know that I can look back on my thwarted career as a drygoods clerk and learn a lot of lessons. That any young man of eighteen can learn the same lessons from this story is too much to expect. The time for learning lessons from the experience of others seldom comes the hither side of thirty.

Belknap, Chapman & Co. were the New York agents for the Wampasoag Print Works, of Nashua, New Hampshire, and they had an office force of five or six, of which I was least. I do not think I thought so at the time. I looked down on business from a proud height, and the members of the firm and the rest of the clerks were "groundlings"—I was quite sure of that. My particular detestation was George Rankin, a young man not much older than I, but guilty of the crime of being more conscientious. He did have the firm's interests so infernally at heart. He used to get to the office before the iron shutters were rolled up. I can testify to this, because upon me fell the duty of winding them up with a windlass, and as I lived in Hoboken—yes, Hoboken—and usually missed my boat owing to an obstinate habit I had of sleeping late, he generally had caustic words for me when I appeared on the scene, and I hated caustic words.

He was stenographer and typewriter for the house, and there was really no need in the world for him to come so early, but he always found something outside of his particular line that needed doing, and that in itself was irritating to one who, like myself, was eager to get through the day with as little work as possible. I had not then heard of the lazy worm, that fascinating bacillus that kindly inoculates one with a distaste for arduous labor, but I have no doubt that I received a daily inoculation.

Old man Belknap was one of the nicest old chaps that ever came into an office. He always had a pleasant word for every one, and I would cheerfully do things for him that I shirked doing when Tom Chapman commanded me to do them. For Chapman was a growly, grouty fellow, always flying into a passion this minute and sorry for it the next, but keeping the office in a ferment pretty much all the time.

"DID YOU WANT THEM DONE RIGHT AWAY?"

Rankin was the cause of my undoing—the unwitting cause, I will say, for when I met him the other day—he is president of a bank in Wall Street—he told me he was sorry when I was discharged, as, like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, I was "an amoosin' little cuss." I asked him whether he remembered the time when he told me that he didn't think I was worth the powder to blow me to Hades, and he did not remember that. But I'll never forget it. That was not an evidence of his tact—and he was eminently tactful—but of his truthfulness. I had been sent to the Chatham National Bank to cash a check, and I had brought back four hundred instead of five hundred dollars, and gave as my excuse for not noticing the teller's mistake—rectified at once—that I counted them by hundreds but forgot to add up the totals. Then it was that Rankin made his famous remark.

Old Mr. Belknap was not very good at framing a letter, so it always fell to the testy Mr. Chapman to dictate the letters, and forceful English he used. Of course, Rankin took his dictation, and took it well. He was one of the most rapid and accurate stenographers I ever came across.

One afternoon Chapman came into the office furious about something and sat down to dictate the letters. He called Rankin to his desk, and Rankin, dropping what he was at as quick as a wink—how I did hate to see him obey so quickly—picked up his pad and pencil and went over to receive dictation.

The first letter that Chapman dictated he wrote under the influence of his disturbed temper, and it was peremptory in its tone. It was addressed to one of our most important customers "up State," and was to the effect that if he did not pay an overdue bill within three days we should refuse to sell him any more goods.

It was the work of a man temporarily beside himself, but, of course, Rankin took it all down and then went on to the other letters, none of which lent themselves to Chapman's tempestuous mood.

The letters dictated, Chapman put on his hat, and swearing to himself, at least as long as he was within earshot, he left for the day.

When Chapman had gone Rankin reduced his stenography to typewriting and handed me the letters to copy on the press.

I was drawing a picture on a blotter at the time, and I did not get up to do his bidding at once.

In a few minutes he called out, "Copied those, Harry?"

"No; did you want them done right away?"

"Well, I don't want to hurry you if they want that picture finished to-day."

I recognized the sarcasm in the tone, and delayed a little longer just to show Rankin that I was nobody's slave. The man who is always refusing to be anybody's slave seldom gets to be any one's master. That is not original. Rankin said it to me one time. And I always remembered that, too.

When I finally went to the press to copy the letters he called out: "You needn't copy that letter to Van Arsdell to-night. Hold it over until to-morrow. Or maybe you'd better copy it, but don't mail it to-night. I think that Mr. Chapman will want to word it differently in the morning."

I read the letter, and it was a "corker." It is seldom that a business man allows himself such freedom of language. It was really insulting, and I longed to mail it at once because it would probably bring Van Arsdell right down from Newburgh to talk back, and I always enjoyed scenes between the peppery Chapman and his customers. But I obeyed Rankin and did not mail the letter.

I reminded him, however, that he must bear the brunt if I was hauled over the coals for failing to mail it.

"I'll take it myself," said he; and he put it in his pocket.

Next morning Chapman came to the store a half-hour earlier than usual. He was in a very good humor for him; said good-morning to everybody, and actually whistled as he opened the mail.

In a few minutes he called Rankin to him. I was mounting samples on a card, and I heard everything that passed between them.

"George, let me see a copy of that letter I sent to Van Arsdell last night."

Rankin got the copybook and handed it to Chapman, open at the letter containing so much heat.

Chapman read the letter. Then he flew into a passion. He jumped out of his chair, and slapping the letter with the flat of his hand, he said:

"Why in thunderation did you mail such a letter as that?"

Rankin looked Chapman in the eyes and said very quietly:

"You wrote it, sir, but I held it over to ask you a question about it."

"You didn't send it?"

"No, sir."

"By thunder, that's very lucky. Destroy it and cut that page out of the copybook. I think I was a little hasty."

Rankin stepped out to the letter rack and came back with the letter in his hand. He had just taken it from his pocket.

This put Chapman into a wonderful good humor, and Rankin evidently thought it a good day, psychologically speaking, to speak about having his salary raised from the first of January following—it was very late in December. At any rate, he told me that evening that he had received a raise, and I remember that I thought it rank injustice that my salary was to remain as before.

I knew because I, too, had asked for a raise.

However, I took a note out of Rankin's book. It was certainly very tactful in him to hold back the hasty letter, and if occasion ever offered I would do the same.

Occasion offered sooner than I had expected. It was the last day but one of the old year, and Rankin was detained at home by an attack of quinsy sore throat.

That afternoon Chapman came in in a very bad humor.

I was doing my particular detestation—pasting print samples on cards—when he came over to me and said:

"Boy, can you take dictation?"

REFERRED TO THAT HADES AND POWDER BUSINESS

Now, I wrote a very rapid hand and I had a good memory, and it seemed to me that here was a chance to show my mettle, so I told him I could take it in longhand.

He grunted out something and we began on the first letter. It was slow work—from his point of view—and his temper grew worse and worse as the letter progressed. Still, we finished it at last, and then he asked me to take down a letter to Kelso & Thibaud, a firm in the western part of the State that owed us for a bill of goods and of whose future solvency he had pessimistic views. He threatened to sue them for the money if the bill was not paid within forty-eight hours.

Of course, I saw my opportunity, and when I copied the letters I put that in my pocket, as Rankin had put the other, and determined to show it to Chapman the next morning, and when he should have finished thanking me for my good sense I would strike him for a raise as Rankin had done.

Next morning Chapman did not come to business, and at first I was glad of it. It meant a quiet day with little doing—on my part. Chapman was detained at home with an attack of gout and Belknap seldom came out of his inner office. I did not think about the letter until late in the day, and then I decided that a day's delay would not make any difference.

Next day was New Year's Day and a holiday. Needless to say that the letter, which was now hanging in the pocket of my office coat in Thomas Street, did not enter my thoughts. I gave myself up to the delights of calling on my New York friends, of whom I had a great number, as my Hoboken residence had not been of long duration.

Among those who received a call from me was Rankin, although I did not consider him a friend. But I happened to have friends next door to him, and as he was sick I dropped in to inquire after him.

He was better, but in bed. He chanced to say something about Chapman's temper, and that reminded me of the letter. I was frightened. Here it was forty-eight hours since I received that letter, and I had done nothing about it. I was going to speak of it to Rankin, but I was a little afraid of his tongue, and I refrained.

I wished Rankin a Happy New Year and came away, but for several minutes I felt nervous. Chapman might still be in a bad temper when he returned to the office, and he might not think that I had done him a service. However, I must stick it out now.

It was not until the third of January that Chapman came back to the office. He came in a carriage and stormed his way to his desk, so I was told later, I was uptown on an errand when he arrived.

Rankin, pale and far from well, was at his desk, busy as usual.

"Have Kelso & Thibaud paid?" asked Chapman as soon as he was seated.

"No, sir," said Rankin.

"Thunder and Mars! Seen the papers? They burned up yesterday. Total loss and no insurance. That means that we have lost $5000. I don't understand why they didn't pay us yesterday or day before, as I wrote 'em a pretty stiff letter."

And then I came blundering into the store and, moved by I know not what, I walked jauntily up to Chapman and said:

"Glad to see you back again, sir."

He growled a response but sat looking at Rankin, who had evidently been having a talk with him. I, full of determination, said:

"Mr. Chapman, don't you think this letter might——" I hesitated for a word.

"What? What is it? Spit it out!"

I put my hand into my side pocket and pulled out the ill-fated letter, addressed and stamped but not mailed.

"This letter to Kelso & Thibaud. I held it back because it was——" again I hesitated, but Mr. Chapman had heard the fatal words Kelso & Thibaud and had seen the letter, and he said in a voice of thunder:

"You didn't mail it?"

"No, sir. I thought it a little too—too peremptory——"

Chapman rose from his seat with a twinge of pain from his gout, and said, in a voice that filled the whole office very comfortably:

"You get your wages from the cashier up to next Saturday, but you go right now. You're not worth——"

I don't know what the rest of the sentence was, for he became too angry to finish it, but I imagine it referred to that Hades and powder business.

I did not get at a full understanding of the situation until I saw the evening paper with a reference to the Kelso fire, and then I knew that it would be useless for me to try to do anything more for Belknap, Chapman & Co.

THE COOKY JAR

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

My mother's got a cooky jar, a great big crock'ry one,
An awful large and heavy thing, seems if it weighed a ton.
It's got a lid that's crock'ry, too, and has a knob on top;
You take both hands to lift it off, for fear you'll let it drop.
It's in the kitchen closet, there, down underneath the shelf,
And if you're good she says that you can go and help yourself.
She keeps it solid, brimmin' full of cookies all the time,
And when a feller's hungry—say! well, ain't those cookies prime!

And when the long vacation's here, or on a holiday,
And you've been playin' all forenoon as hard as you can play
At "hide-and-seek," or "three old cat," or marbles, like as not,
Till you're all tired and tuckered out and sort of starved and hot,
And dinner-time seems if it was a whole year off or more,
Why, then's the time you want to go to that old closet door
And step in where it's dark and cool and smells so good and sweet,
And reach down in that cooky jar—and eat and eat and eat.

And sometimes when I sit in school and everything's so still
That you can hear the outdoor sounds, the splashin' by the mill,
The rattle of a cart, or else a red woodpecker's drum,
While close around is quiet 'cept the sleepy, schooly hum,
I think of that old closet shelf and of the jar beneath,
And how the cookies crack and crunch between a feller's teeth,
And how tremendous good they taste, till seems if, I declare!
I couldn't wait till school was out—but, when it is, I'm *there*.

A feller's mother always knows just what is good for boys,
She ain't like aunts and other folks who hate to hear a noise;
She understands a chap, she does, and knows just how he feels
And that he *has* to eat a lot besides his reg'lar meals.
She knows that school and playin' makes you have an appetite,
And that to wait and starve to death till dinner-time ain't right;
And so she puts the cooky jar beneath the closet shelf
And fills it full of bully stuff—and lets you help yourself.

Where the Money Came From

Andrew Carnegie: The Master-Artisan as a Philosopher

By Arthur E. McFarlane

THE great era pendulum is forever slowly swinging in its alternations of artist and artisan. It cannot give both, save by survival, to the same race at the same time. Within our memory the artist has had it, and it is hard for us to understand that it can and must be artisan again. Our eyes are for the sculptor who is finishing the old temple, not for him who is laying the foundations for the new.

In Anglo-Saxondom, whether it comes from newer forms of government, or from the present character of the race, or merely from the disposition of Nature, we have now swung into the greatest artisan age of which history has any knowledge. Certain moderns, under whatever impetus, have built up places of habitation, defense and pleasure, and have laid down globe-encircling means of communication, such as certainly have never before been upon this planet; and for all our Martian romancers, we should be most immoderately astonished to find that their like had ever been upon any other.

Again, the present age of the artisan is otherwise distinct from any preceding it. For whereas the builders of Egyptian pyramids and Roman aqueducts and Gothic cathedrals had for their reward the favor of rulers and priests, and possibly of peoples, in our century the peculiar reward of almost every great builder has been great treasure. To such a degree, indeed, has this come to be a condition that we tend to lose any sense of distinction and mentally merge master-artisan and multi-millionaire together as if they were one species. In reality the latter may be purely parasitic in his nature, while the former is in all things the opposite. In this paper we have to do with the combination as expressing itself from the life of one well-known exemplar. And if in places we must treat him as a type, we shall also, especially in his philosophy, have to remember that he is, above all, strikingly the original. For we purpose trying to get a new viewpoint upon the elemental forces which have given us the present Andrew Carnegie.

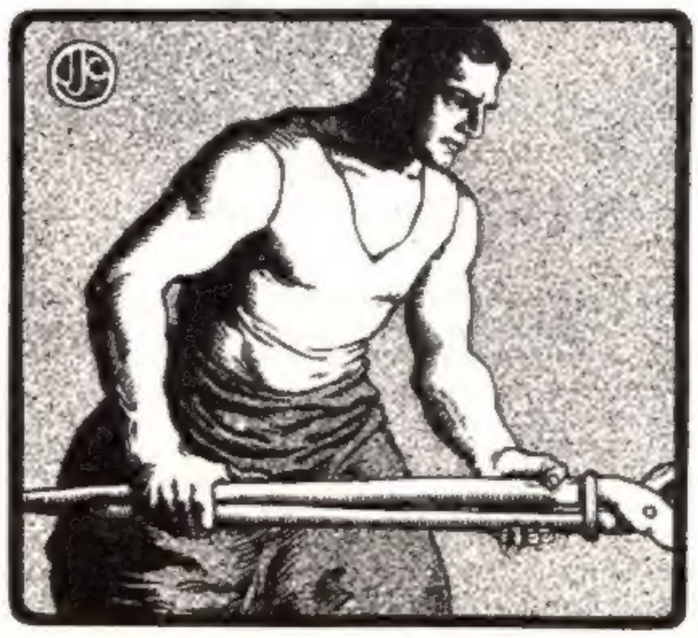
Carnegie was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1837, and he was born into that radical hand-worker stock which had already begun to read and think for itself—which, indeed, was finding a bitter voice in Carlyle—but which was as yet wholly the downtrodden and unconsidered in the land. Although, however, his uncle had been flung into jail for preaching the rights of man, and his father had barely escaped the same fate, one of the first things that impressed small Andy was that those elders took it as altogether for granted that their ideas were very much more powerful than the bayonets which at the time seemed able to put them down. The lad was given to know that the latter only looked powerful, and if a few score men merely studied and thought and labored hard enough, in a very few years they would have all those bayonets serving them, or could send them about their silly business, for that matter. It was a strange teaching, and one to put fire into the small, imaginative soul.

At Work Early

BUT little Andy had no opportunity to see the proving of it in the kingdom of Great Britain; for in 1848 the family picked up its belongings and crossed over to America. The immediate cause of that emigration was the sudden prospect of the stoppage of *bread*—and therefore of the cessation of *life*—consequent upon the stoppage of *work*. This, too, must have gone some way toward adding to the lad's primal realization of the essential truths. By now, too, taught by his mother, he had begun eagerly to read, which was as near as ever he got to the school-desk education.

His father found new work in Allegheny, Pennsylvania; and then Andy for his part went to work also. It was in a bobbin factory, and he was paid $1.20 a week—not a great deal of money, but it was his entrance into the state of self-support. And when you enter that state you begin to have the feeling of being a man, nor till then, either, though you live to be threescore and ten. If you begin at eleven you get a long start. . . . The year following he was given charge of the cellar steam-engine—that is, he was made keeper of a monster, which, if not given its food and drink at the proper time, might suddenly rear itself and deal out destruction to all about it. It was responsibility, and it was a kind of responsibility which, until his tender brain-fibre toughened to it, used to make the lad's sleeping hours a succession of nightmares. Once he had become thoroughly acquainted with that steam monster, however, he became rather fond of it; he would have liked mightily to do something with it which had never been done before, but he did not quite dare.

And about this time he was given something else to think about. In Allegheny was a rich man, Colonel Anderson,



who had begun to lend out his library books to any boy in town who wanted to read them! What was more amazing, Colonel Anderson seemed to get even more delight from seeing those books taken away than the boys did in reading them, which, with Andy, at any rate, was about all he wanted to know of Paradise. The youngster had long ago resolved to be rich. But he was not so certain now that he was going to use his money to fight Kings and Houses of Lords and Hereditary Privileges. In the half darkness of his cellar he meditated long upon Colonel Anderson and his lending of those books. And Oriental philosophers believe that a man's life matures in his meditations even as a tree grows upward in its own shade.

But a year later he was back into daylight again. He had secured the position of messenger boy for the Ohio Telegraph Company. If he had always remained somewhat in awe of steam, it was not so with electricity. With exactly that same fine scientific spirit which sends any growing boy prodding through the wheels and springs of a cast-off clock-works, he straightway began to dig into the whole theory and practice of telegraphy; and, in the absence of the operator, with *it* he did do some things that hadn't been done before. He began to take messages by ear. And this, when he was able to show that there was nothing of the chancy and everything-for-rapidity in the new method, won him his position at the instrument. . . . It was just at this time that the Carnegie father died, and Andy's new salary stood the family in good stead.

Under "Tom" Scott's Tutelage

THE following summer the boy came under the notice, and soon passed into the employment, of Thomas A. Scott, later famous as Colonel "Tom" Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. From the beginning Scott made him his protégé, and helped him again and again in his worldly welfare. One day, when the new operator had been in his office for only a few months, he abruptly advised him to put any money he could command into the stock of the Adams Express Company; if Andy could get $500 he would add another hundred himself. Whereupon, with that pathetic willingness to try new things which comes from long hardship with the old, the Carnegie mother mortgaged her house, and the money was forthcoming. From the first the stock paid one per cent. a month; and one Saturday night the first check came. "The next day being Sunday," we find it written in Triumphant Democracy, "we boys took our usual Sunday afternoon stroll in the country, and sitting down in the woods I showed them the check. . . . Here was something new to all of us, for none of us had ever received anything but from toil. . . . How money could make money, how, without any attention from me, this mysterious golden visitor should come, led to much speculation." He was hailed as a Capitalist. And when, at sixteen, you have experienced the feelings of a Capitalist, you have been given a long start in still another respect.

What was infinitely more, Scott—always a trainer of men of action—for the next twelve years seemed to make it a part of his business to train this young Scotch-American. He kept him immediately in touch with him, and whatever things hard experience had taught him should be part of the equipment of strong-handed manhood, those things he saw to it that his pupil learned. In those twelve years, too, Andy had a chance to learn all there was to know about railroading; and in America we have had evidence enough that the man who has taken an honor course in that particular business has received an extremely comprehensive education in the university of men and things. True, it was not in the fifties the nation-bridging business that it is now, but from the start Andy thought of it with a large expansiveness. Woodruff, the inventor, coming to him with his model of the sleeping-car, had no need to dilate upon its possibilities. "It is something this continent must have!" pronounced young Carnegie with a solemnity of prophecy which is almost funny. And not only did he persuade his chief to try it, but he borrowed money to have a share in the building of the first two experimental coaches himself.

His work was cast in those two new branches of human activity which alone at that time were realizing the tremendous possibilities of modern science. He was moving on from position to position, always with new varieties of the individual under him, always with new species of problems to handle. Instead of being compelled to live that life which seems determined in every way to draw the youth aside from the real and struggling existence of his fellowmen, his training was one which kept him in constant association with almost every class that counts in a republic. He was engaged in a hundred different sorts of work himself; he had learned to know how others look upon their labor, and he had learned to manage the "human machine"—which is never a machine—both in units and companies; and unconsciously his brain had developed into one of those organizing instruments which are much more marvelous than any Babbage calculators. . . . When Scott became president of the road it was young Carnegie who succeeded him as superintendent of the western division. When, too, the former went to Washington, in 1861, as Assistant Secretary of War, the latter followed him as director of the Government railways and telegraphs; and for two years he performed brilliant service in a position which is gradually coming to be regarded as a man-test hardly second to that of the command of an army corps.

He was soon to step out into life for himself. It is highly significant that, although he had now reached the age of thirty, when he was given a chance to invest in the Storey oil farm, he had once more to borrow the greater part of the necessary money. If you still think of a multi-millionaire as of necessity one of the tribe of those who, during a too assiduous youth, have measured each passing week by the number of pennies they dropped into their little red tin bank, in this case you had better start to think all over again. Young Carnegie drank his cup of capitalistic delight that afternoon out in the Allegheny woods. In the fourteen years following he speaks again and again of the pleasure he got from work, from books, from meeting men who were bigger and cleverer than he was, but upon money it is evident that his thoughts ran almost not at all.

Yet it is also highly significant that when he needed money, he tells us by chance, he never had any difficulty in getting it.

We can very well understand that. It was now only a matter of into what particular work the young giant was to direct his conquering energies. It might have been railroad developing for himself, lumbering, iron or coal mining. As a matter of fact, it was almost all of these in time. But our feet take the nearest stepping-stone. The Pennsylvania had shown its intention to substitute iron for wood in its bridges. Into the Keystone Bridge Company, of Pittsburg, went Carnegie; and once again he had to borrow the major portion of his capital.

The Vulcan of American Mythology

BUT it was an investment which was immediately successful. It was so easily successful, indeed, that it did not give the Carnegie energy enough work to keep it quiet. This time he was like a boy who had set up a water-mill for himself. The fact that it was running all right became only a kind of tantalization; it ought to begin to run something else.

The story of the next thirty years was a foregone conclusion. There had been put into his hands smelting-works and rolling-mills; within his reach were any number of young men who knew how to do the things he only knew he wanted done; behind him was the mineral wealth of America. He had a chance to make himself master of potentialities not to be grasped by the imagination.

This paper is one of outline, to indicate directions rather than to dwell upon details. But it may here be said that the

joyous, unglutted zeal with which he flung himself into that business, twice within the next five years—for all his physical vigor—laid him on his back in astonished and exasperated powerlessness. But as soon as his strength came back to him he was at it mightily again. He had hardly added the Union Iron Company to his bridge works when, compelled to visit England for his health, he found steel rails replacing iron. He came back to acquire the Edgar Thompson Mills and roll steel rails for America. A few years later it was the Bessemer process he was bringing back from the old land. But after that the pace was made by the seven-league boots on this side the Atlantic.

The Vulcan of American Mythology

WITHIN the man was that necessity of controlling the source of things so inherent in the organizing mind. He had already bought hundreds of square miles of ore and coal and limestone properties in Pennsylvania; he had acquired his own natural-gas territory and piping; he had his own telegraph lines and railway connections; and when the mineral riches of upper Michigan began to be laid bare, his large hand swiftly descended and covered the Mesabi. To draw from it, he built a series of ore docks, and launched a fleet of carriers comparable only to that plying between Sweden and the Tyne and Wear. To make the system complete, as if it were a new metal-way between furnace and blooming-mill, he added thereto one hundred and eighty miles of railroad, and called Pittsburg a Lake Erie port. And always he was covering more hundreds of acres with his smelters. The last and greatest was built upon the slag poured out as waste by the furnaces that had preceded it—which you may well take note of if you are of the symbol-making kind. Not only at Pittsburg, but up the river at Braddock and Homestead, at Duquesne and Beaver Falls and Conneaut, he had mills, each doing its specialized work and each unrivaled in its capacity for that work. Together they were a forge from which one could order—as a century ago one might have ordered a dozen sets of fire-irons or a gross of hinges—the structural steel for a score of huge new office buildings, for a bridge across the Mississippi, for a fleet of battleships, for twenty miles of tubular "underground." In short, the man had made himself the Vulcan of the American mythology.

If you can get passage on one of the great freighters aforementioned and steam the seven hundred and fifty miles from Cleveland or Erie to Marquette, the continuous, almost regular succession of sister freighters which you will pass, and the smoke plumes you will see always before and behind you, will fill you irresistibly with the feeling of being upon some vast, endless-chain "conveyer." Above, an interminable series of five-thousand-ton ore-buckets going up empty, below the same chain returning full—fifteen hundred miles of that.

Yet this is mere immensity; it cannot give us the inner significance of the thing. We are ready enough to stand and ponder before the quarries which furnished the stone for Karnak and the Pyramids. Yet, for our modern time, those ore quarries of Pennsylvania and Michigan have constructed works of infinitely greater import. In the history of all countries there has been an epoch when there was a laying of material foundations. For America that time is certainly the present, and its foundations are not being laid in granite but in steel. It would be hard to measure how much nearer we have been brought to the moral and intellectual structure to be reared thereon, what a shortening there has been of the waiting time, what a doubled readiness made possible by the swift immensity of this fundamental forge-building.

When the biggest of the forge-builders was little past threescore, with that distinctive hardihood of spirit of the master-artisan he looked about him, called his portion of labor completed, and gave free place to others to do theirs. He had only stepped out, however, into other phenomena. He had lived his working life after his own heart, had satisfied to the full that instinct which urges man to construct, whether it be books, or pictures, or armies, or new philosophies. But it had been the peculiarity of *his* work, unlike that of Millet's, or Spencer's, or Von Moltke's, that it had repaid him not only in the gold of the spirit but no less lavishly in the hard metal of the mart. He found himself with a fortune of two hundred millions.

As a matter of fact, it was the original purpose of the present essay to try to indicate the difference between the old philosophy of wealth and the new, taking the tenets of those respective philosophies from the mouths of sundry very rich men who in their lives have walked according to them. But it did not require many weeks of investigation to make it wholly patent that the older branch of millionairedom—and we have it with us still—has never taken any view of its wealth which is other than that of the pathology of hopeless monomania. J. B. Robinson, banker for the South African diamond companies, has owned that it is his ambition to leave one million pounds sterling to each of his children. Another, not less wealthy, but taking even less pleasure from his life, is known to have long periods of depression arising from the fact that he has no children to whom to leave his tens of millions. The commonest ambition is frankly to be the richest man in the country, or it is varied occasionally by the resolve to have made as many millions as the individual has numbered years! Our own Mr. Russell Sage, who seems at least to have reflected upon the matter rather more than his confrères—and, somewhat astonishingly, has given us the advice of Polonius to Laertes as the complete *vade-mecum* for the would-be rich—furnishes us something of an apologue: "Look at the power of accumulated wealth retained in one family. Look at the Rothschilds for an example of what can be done by holding together. Now they are the wealthiest family in the world, and kings and emperors and vast countries have to come to them when they want to raise large loans either to carry on a war or to develop home improvement!" Alas, there you have it, and all there is of it: a promise of gratifying one's vanity like a six-year-old with the biggest bag of marbles. And it is the wisest thing your Dives can say after living and knowing the life of this world for more than eighty years! Is this doctrine in which is bread for the soul? Is this the wine which has been for so long maturing in the silent vaults of the spirit?

The Man that Went Mad

WITH this new time—and even in this loathly age of industrialism—there has grown up a new breed of men to whom has been given great wealth. They have the ideas for a philosophy, and already it is beginning to find its voice. "Your money should go to the state, to the public service in some form. Give your boys the best education you can, and let them make their own way. No man should leave money to his children." Another quotation: "My experience has especially taught me that large inherited fortunes never bring happiness, and that they are not properly made use of: they diminish the desire for work and hamper the faculty for individual development. They promote the degeneration of mankind. . . . It is my wish to assist men of promise. . . . It is the men of science and dreamers who should be helped, and this help should be of such an extent that the recipient can be wholly independent."

One might be pardoned for taking it for granted that neither utterance could have come from any multi-millionaire save the subject of this study. One came from Cecil Rhodes, the other from the giver of the Nobel prizes. And in America you have only to run through the letters accompanying the succession of great benefactions of the last ten or fifteen years to find scores of kindred statements of belief. "Not since the time of the small states of ancient Greece," says Leroy Beaulieu, "has there been any era of philanthropy to be compared with the present in the United States."

And with few exceptions this philanthropy has come from the guild of master-artisans. But we shall still confine ourselves to the chiefest of them.

He had finished with steel. He had now another metal in which to find what riches lay. And while, indeed, he may have reflected solemnly upon the situation, yet in the eyes of our weak human nature it is rather as if he had seen therein new sources of abounding joy. With his pyramid of mighty moneybags piled up behind him, it is as if he had suddenly realized the possibilities of an entirely new and delightful game, a kind of magnificent Cyclopean bowls, in which it was for him to see how many of the old abuses and hardships and injustices of our human state he could send scattering. And when, in 1890, he sent the first sphere heavily a-humming—his memorable declaration that he who dies rich dies disgraced—it was as if he had sent it caroming down Wall Street—yes, and through Lombard Street and all the Continental bourses to boot. Wherefore its course was marked by pitiful complaints, and gripping of broken shins, and cries that the man had palpably gone mad. There will many more such men go mad in that manner within the next half-century, or we have gone very much astray.

It is not our purpose to catalogue his gifts, but to emphasize such of his philanthropy as best may indicate its guiding lines. And if philanthropy should begin at home, it may be said that we find him giving four millions for the establishment of a pension fund for his aged and disabled employees, and therewith other millions for institutes in which the children of those employees may freely equip themselves with the most invaluable of technical educations. Yet, on the other hand, he does not believe that all the millions in the world can solve the labor problem. It is a boulder the ruggedness of which can be rounded by no sudden violence of hammer or dynamite. But, trusting absolutely in democracies—where, to the solution of all problems, all men's minds contribute—he leaves that boulder in the time river, confident that it will smooth itself, if not wholly wear away; and in America the time river runs fast.

A Friend of Labor

YET he did much himself, too, by establishing the sliding scale, that first practical step toward actual cooperation between labor and capital. Furthermore, he points out that "The firm that has a reputation for taking the best care of its men has the best chance of success; because the best men, which is the same thing as the wisest men, who, again, are the ablest, will gravitate to that firm and stay with it. Nothing pays so well in business as generous treatment. Indeed, the firm which sees that its men make the highest earnings will certainly be the most successful." He, moreover, vigorously desires it to be known that there are certain things which are well within the power of government. "We have too long hours of labor in America. There is not a blast furnace or manufactory that has to run night and day at which the workers do not work twelve hours a day, the twenty-four hours being divided into two shifts. But to reduce the hours of labor in works that have to run night and day is something that can be done only by a general law compelling all such works to adopt eight-hour shifts." This was written after he had made a two years' attempt to establish the eight-hour shifts at Pittsburg. Only one other rival firm followed his example, and by the hard law of competition the experiment had to be abandoned.

He hates strikes, not because he has been blamed—and blamed despite the whole mass of inside evidence brought out by subsequent official investigation—for one of the most barbarous labor wars in economic history, but because strikes are essentially stupid things, hardly less stupid than lockouts. "A strike or lockout is in itself a ridiculous affair. Whether a failure or a success, it gives no direct proof of its justice or injustice. In this it resembles war between two nations. It is simply a question of strength and endurance between the contestants. The gage of battle, or the duel, is not more senseless as a means of establishing what is just and fair than an industrial strike or lockout. It would be folly to conclude that we have reached any permanent adjustment between labor and capital until strikes and lockouts are as much things of the past as the gage of battle and the duel have become in the most advanced communities." Even for strike-time violence, regarding which the majority of employers early lose all charity, he managed to retain a fellow-feeling. "I would have the public give

(Continued on Page 22)

MR. CARNEGIE'S LIBRARY SMILE

ANDREW CARNEGIE

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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"I'LL GIVE YOU JUST THREE SECONDS TO QUIT, OR I'LL PUT A HOLE THROUGH YOU, YOU INFERNAL RASCAL"

CHAPTER XI—THE LULL

WHEN you consider how I had parted from the Prince his subsequent conduct must be regarded as creditable. After my watch I fell dead asleep in my bunk, and might have slept till night had it not been for the sense of discipline possessed and exhibited by his Royal Highness. He visited me and did me the honor to arouse me from my dreamless slumber; whereat I sat up grumbling.

"It is natural you should feel irritated, Doctor Phillimore," said he calmly, "but when you come to yourself you will perceive that duty must be performed. It is your watch."

"Oh, ah!" I blurted forth. "You must excuse me, sir, but I have had a night of it."

He nodded amiably. "If you will come to my cabin after your watch," he observed, "I shall have something to say to you."

I do not know that I looked forward to the interview with any interest. I expected some censure of my conduct earlier in the day, and I was resolved to defend myself. But the Prince proved amiable. He offered me a cigar, and condescended to discuss some points of policy with me.

"I have been told," said he, "that you have been in the forecastle, and have seen Mr. Legrand. You think that there is some chance of his joining us? Well, it is good hearing. I have no doubt that we shall succeed in destroying the traitors."

"Mr. Morland," said I, leaning forward to him, "I would not like to leave you in the thought that this is going to be easy."

"Oh, no; it will not be easy," he agreed.

But plainly he was confident that it was possible, which I was not. If there was any one in that ship that doubted it was I. I said nothing, however, but remarked that Holgate was a man of resource and capacity.

"I am willing to believe that," he said after a pause. "He is a very clever scoundrel. Oh, yes."

"We might be in a better position to counter his plans if we fathomed them," I suggested.

He looked at me, interrogation in his blue eyes, which were, and were not, so like his sister's.

"The question that puzzles me, sir, is why Holgate did not seize the saloon and the deck below last night when he had the chance—for down there is what he wants."

"He had us locked up in the chart-house," replied the Prince with assurance. "He did not anticipate that we should escape. And the yacht was running into danger."

Yes, that was the explanation that had occurred to me; indeed, it was the explanation that hitherto we had all accepted. But was it true?

"It was his intention to possess himself of the papers at his leisure," continued Prince Frederic, smoking, and gazing at me with the air of a preceptor instructing a pupil.

"Why should he?" I asked bluntly.

The Prince smiled pleasantly. "I will tell you, Doctor Phillimore," he answered. "When I left London and Europe for good I instructed my lawyers to put my property into three forms of goods: drafts on bankers, Bank of England notes, and English currency. Each kind would be of service to me, whose destination was not quite settled But these would make a bulky load for any man. There is a large amount of specie, and it is not the Bank of England who says, 'Come and carry what gold you will away in your pockets provided you give us £5000.' Well, there is that difficulty for these villains."

"But," I objected, "do they know how the treasure is made up?"

He cast a dark glance at me. "I have told you," he said "I trust such as you in my service, Doctor. But there has been treachery. Who I am and what I carry became known. How? I cannot say. But it was treachery. The whole thing is a conspiracy," he cried, hammering on the table, "and it may be that my enemies in Hochburg are at the bottom of it. I will find out. But, see you, Doctor, I am Mr. Morland here and hereafter. Let that be understood, and it is as Mr. Morland I will hang these swine."

His frown knit his eyebrows closely, and his nostrils heaved, while the blue eyes were fired with sudden flame. If he had ideas on democracy, as reports of him had declared, he had also beyond question the temper of the martinet. It was possible, no doubt, to reconcile these strange contradictions, but at the first sight it seemed difficult. I had yet to learn that I was dealing with a type of the fanatic, and a representative of that type, moreover, who exemplified in his blood the fatalism of his ascendants. Yet the glimpse I had of the man was interesting. I began to understand him, and even to sympathize with him. He had foregone much for the sake of an ideal, and that was something. But just then I should have liked to know exactly what his sister's attitude to that ideal might be. For Princess Alix, strange as her brother was, could be even more baffling than he

Though we kept a rigid watch all that day and night no attack was delivered, and I began once again to speculate as to Holgate's policy. Was he trying to tire us out before he made his assault, or had he other ends in view? The second day passed as tranquilly as the first, and the yacht was still making her best, southward. She had passed the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and was forging along the Argentine coast, bound for—we knew not whither. Her destination was in other hands, and we must be content to abide the issues, alert and equipped for any emergency.

On the second day I revisited the forecastle with my flag, and found Holgate as amiable as before.

"You give me your word, Doctor, that you have no weapons?" said he when I had attended to his wounded men, and was proceeding to the hold where the prisoners lay.

"I give you my word," I replied

He nodded, and gave orders for the removal of the hatch; and down I went, this time unaccompanied. Legrand still lay on his back, staring vacantly, and the sailors were grouped about, a despondent company in that dark and stuffy hole.

"Any improvement?" said I to one of them.

"Not much, sir," said he with a glance toward the open hatchway, where, no doubt, one of the mutineers stood on guard.

"Does Mr. Legrand take any nourishment?" I asked.

"A bit, sir, but not too much. He don't seem to relish his food," the man answered.

"Does he talk?" I asked.

"He has spoken about a dozen sentences, sir, but there don't seem much sense in them."

"Ah, I feared as much," I said. I was certain that Holgate, for all his lordly air of unconcern, had taken steps to know what was forward in the hold

I made another examination, and was the more convinced that there was nothing seriously the matter with Legrand. This time he frankly grinned in my face as I laid him down. No doubt the sailors were in his secret and primed for it.

"I dare say I shall have to operate," I said, and bidding them farewell, I ascended to the deck.

Holgate waved his hand cheerily at me. "Always glad to see you, Doctor," he called out, and went on with the conversation in which he was engaged.

I could have whipped myself that I could not guess what his crafty design was.

But if I was ignorant no one was likely to assist me. Barraclough had no views; all that his purview compassed was the probability of an immediate fight, to which he looked forward with unconcern. Lane was ridiculously inept in his suggestions, one of which involved the idea that Holgate desired to "bag ladies and treasure with one gun." This suggestion irritated me, and I snubbed him, so far as any one could snub Lane. The Prince, I knew, was secure in his obstinate conviction; and naturally Ellison had no views any more than Barraclough. They were both very excellent examples of pure British phlegm and unimaginativeness. This seemed to cast the burden upon me, for Pye was still confined to his cabin. The little man was undoubtedly shaken by the horrid events he had witnessed, and though he was confessedly a coward, I could not help feeling sorry for him. He was an abject creature now, and clung to his bunk, keeping out of the Prince's way and Barraclough's as much as possible, and pestering me with his consultations

"I believe I should be better, Doctor, if we were to get into warmer weather," he said pleadingly. "Cold does affect a man's nerves, doesn't it?"

"Well, you'll have to make love to Holgate if you want that," said I dryly. "We're at his mercy."

We were all, I think, conscious of that, if we did not always openly acknowledge the fact. Yet it was astonishing that no attack was made on the staterooms. Holgate had promised it, and had even struck the shadow of deeper terrors during the concluding words of his interview in the corridor. But things went on peacefully; the sun rose in blurred heavens of blue and gray, and declined into rolling waters, and no event of consequence took place. The bells were sounded as of old, the wheelman in his armored turret steered the yacht on her course, and every day the Sea Queen drew southward under the ordinary maritime routine. Were it not for our memories, and for the outward facts of our predicament, we might have fancied ourselves merely upon a pleasant excursion.

There was, however, this lacking: that no one knew our destination. That secret was locked in Holgate's bosom, or perhaps he shared it with one or more of his desperadoes.

And, as if to lull us into a sense of security and to persuade us that all was normal, mademoiselle suddenly developed and exhibited a remarkable liveliness. She was a thing of moods and impulses, restrained by no reason or consideration for others, so far as I could judge; and having once got the better of her hysteric fear of the mutiny, she promptly discarded any thought of it. We were prisoners in our part of the yacht, it is true, but that did not interfere with our comfort. We had food and wine to spare; we were supplied with every luxury; and no one gave us any trouble. The guards were set regularly, but mademoiselle had no concern

"POEMS!" SHE REPLIED, PLYING HER NEEDLES

with that. I doubt if she even recognized that such precautions were taken. There was a certain romance in the situation which appealed to her and inflamed her imagination. She lived most of the day in her cabins, being attired by her maid, or playing dominoes or some other childish game; and in the afternoon she emerged upon us, a glorious figure in fine clothes, and gave us the benefit of her society.

Naturally she spent much of her time in company with the Prince and his sister, but Barraclough and myself were by no means denied her favors. Barraclough spoke French very indifferently, as indifferently, indeed, as mademoiselle spoke English, but that did not prevent them from getting on very well together. As I have explained, Barraclough was a tall, handsome fellow, lean and inflexible of face, with the characteristic qualities of his race. His eyes admired the lady profoundly, and he endeavored to keep pace with her wits, a task rendered difficult by the breaches in two languages. This vivacity was crowned by exhibitions of her voice, to which she began to treat us. She had, as I remembered, a wonderful mezzo-soprano, and being pent up in this comfortable prison, and denied access to the promenade, she used it to effect. As I have said, the music-room surrounding the saloon below, as a balcony, was in our suite, if I may put it in that way, and thither was mademoiselle accustomed to repair of an afternoon to keep her voice in practice, as she explained. The Prince usually followed her there, and I have seen him more than once seated in the dimness of the farthest corner of the balcony, staring before him as a man lost in thought, or as one rapt out of himself into some sentimental ecstasy at the sounds of that divine music. Here we felt, more or less, that we were in Liberty Hall, and, to do him justice, Prince Frederic encouraged us to feel this. It was understood that the saloon was open to all, and it became a resort for such of us as were off duty in those days, a resort that would have been improved by more light; for the windows were all barred and shuttered, and only the skylights admitted the day.

The weather was now grown much colder, for we were off the coast of Patagonia, and Holgate appeared to be bent on doubling the Horn and getting into the Pacific. In the wilds of that wide domain there would be more chances for this crew of scoundrels to find refuge and security from the arm of the law. Was it for this he was waiting? And yet that was no argument against an immediate attack, for it was clear that he might get the business over, deal with us as he chose, and make for his destination afterward and at his leisure. Nor could it be that he doubted as to the issue of the struggle, for his forces outnumbered ours greatly, and, if I knew anything of men, Holgate was utterly without fear. But, on the other hand, he had a great deal of discretion. The only conclusion that emerged from these considerations was the certainty that in the end Holgate had decreed our fate. *That* had been settled when Day fell, perhaps even before that, and when poor McCrae was shot beside his engines. We were doomed to death.

If any doubt as to our fate dwelled in Princess Alix's mind she did not show it. She was a girl of spirit and energy, and she had neat hands. Thus her time was spent in such work as she deemed useful in the circumstances, or such as occupied her mind healthily. She made a handsome fur cap for herself against the biting wind which now came snapping off the icy highlands of the coast, and she sketched and designed and photographed. Above all, she was cheerful and self-reliant. There was not much in common between the brother and the sister, save, perhaps, that aloofness from strangers. I questioned much if the Princess had any of her brother's sentimentality. She had all her brother's decision and fire, however, as I was to see exemplified more than once.

It was on the third of our quiet afternoons that I was sitting in the corridor with a volume in my hand, conscious merely of the many sounds in that silence, and scarcely aware of what I read. The voyage seemed to partake of the nature of that fabled voyage of the ancient mariner. Some strange doom hung over us all; and yet the sky smiled, as it did that moment, and the cold breath of the blue sea was inspiriting in one's nostrils, like wine in the blood. I was aware in this dream that a door had opened and shut, and that the Princess had come into the corridor. She sat on a chair not far from me and plied her needles, in a way that struck me now, as I roused myself, as very homelike and pleasant. I shot a glance at her. She was very simply dressed in what, for all I know, may have been a very extravagant fashion. She had the knitted waistcoat she was making (I concluded for her brother) across her knee, and I had a full view of her as she swayed and moved above her task. Those flowing lines, that sweet ripeness, the excellent beauty of her face, impressed me newly. She met my glance and smiled.

"What do you find interests you, Doctor Phillimore?" she asked in her pleasant voice.

"I was reading, or pretending to read, a book of poems," I answered.

"Poems!" she replied, plying her needles. "It is strange you should be reading poems and I knitting—here."

I COULD SEE MLLE. TRÉBIZOND AT THE PIANO

"It puzzles me," said I. I rose and went to the window behind her which was not shuttered, and for the light from which she had seated herself there. The crisp sparkle of the sea rose to eyes and ears. When I turned Princess Alix had ceased from her work and was looking toward me.

"You wonder why?" she asked.

"I have made many guesses, but have never satisfied myself yet why the mutiny is not pushed to its logical conclusion."

"Which would mean——" she said thoughtfully.

"Which would mean," I interrupted quickly, "the possession of the treasure."

There was something deeply significant in her gaze—something that was brave, and appealed, and winced at the same time. She went on slowly with her knitting.

"He is waiting his time," she remarked in a lower voice.

"He will wait too long," I said with a little laugh.

"Do you think so?" she asked, and laying down her work, went to the window as I had done. "It is cold."

"We are off an icy shore," I said.

"Yes, I found it on the map this morning," she nodded. "We are close to the Straits of Magellan."

At that moment the sound of the piano sailed through the door at the end of the corridor. She turned her head slightly and then moved away restlessly. She went to the chair on which I had been sitting, and picked up my Tennyson.

"I know him pretty well," she remarked, turning the pages. She halted where I had inserted a marker.

"The Princess," she read slowly. She drummed her fingers on the leaf, read for a minute or two, and dropped the book lightly. "We have no literature in comparison with yours, Doctor Phillimore; but we have sometimes done better than that."

"Oh, not than the lyrics," I protested lightly. "'Ask me no more——'"

The music from without broke into louder evidence, and she turned frowning toward the door.

"Do you know, Doctor Phillimore," she asked hesitatingly, "if Mr. Morland is in his room?"

"He went after luncheon," I answered. She stood considering.

"Mademoiselle has a beautiful voice," I said tentatively.

"Oh, yes," she assented. "It is of good quality and training." Her tone was curt, as if she were unwilling to continue the conversation, but she still listened.

"*Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Fruhlings garten.*"

It seemed to me that I could almost hear the words in that uplifted music. The song has always been a passionate fancy of mine, beguiling the heart of rock to romance. Sentiment is on wing in every corner of one's consciousness when that song rises to its fullness and falls in its cadences on one's ears and deeper senses.

"*In der Spiegelnden Fluth, im Schnee der Alpen . . . . . strahlt dein Bildniss.*"

I could see Mlle. Trébizond at the piano with the vision of the mind, her soul entrapt, her features transfigured. She was a figment of the emotions. And the Princess and I listened, she with a little dubitating look of perplexity, paying me no heed now, and I singularly moved. I walked down the corridor, past where Princess Alix stood, and, as I went by, I could have put out my arm and drawn her to me. She was wonderful in her beauty and her pride.

"*Dein Bildniss, dein Bildniss . . . .*"

But I went by and opened the door that gave upon the saloon stairs. Instantly the flood of music rolled into the room in a tide, and, glancing back, I saw the Princess stir. She came toward me.

"*Deutlich schimmert auf jedem purpur blättchen.*"

"A voice is a beautiful machine," she said uncertainly, as the notes died away.

I could not answer; but she may have read an answer in my eyes. She passed me, just as the singer broke into something new, and entered the music gallery. A shaft of light struck out her figure boldly. I walked round to the second door at the head of the stairs. Right away in the corner was mademoiselle, and by her Sir John Barraclough lounged on the sofa, stroking his mustache uneasily. But my eyes lingered on the two not at all, for they were drawn forthwith to another sight which filled me with astonishment. The barriers had been removed from several of the windows, the windows themselves were open, and I could discern the figures of men gathered without on the deck.

With an exclamation I ran forward, interrupting the mellifluous course of Schubert's Serenade, and Barraclough started to his feet.

"What is it?" he asked abruptly.

Mademoiselle turned on her stool and regarded me with curiosity, and behind the Princess was approaching slowly.

"The windows, man!" said I.

Mademoiselle burst into laughter. "It was so dark," she said prettily. "I could not see plainly. I must always have light when I play. And I made Sir John open them."

Barraclough fidgeted, but turned a cold face on me.

"What's all the fuss about?" he asked surlily.

I pointed to the figures which we could see through the open windows.

"Well, that's my business," he said shortly. "I'm in command, and I'm not a fool."

"Oh, do not be afraid. It is all right," said mademoiselle cheerfully. "See, we will have more open. I will play them something. They are listening to my music. It will soothe them."

She cast a look at Sir John from her laughing dark eyes and let her hands down on the keys with a bang, breaking into a jolly air of the boulevards.

"Stay," she cried, stopping quickly, "but I know one of your English tunes suitable for the sea. How do you call it? Tomboling!"

As she spoke she swerved softly into that favorite air, the English words running oddly from her lips,

"'"'Ere a sheer 'ulk lies poor Tom Bo-oling . . . .'"

(Continued on Page 29)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A woman between two proposals never looks upon three as a crowd.

¶ Opportunity knocks for those who wake up early, seldom for those who sit up late.

¶ Mr. Cortelyou will manage the campaign, but President Roosevelt will manage the manager.

¶ Happiness in marriage is like food on the American plan — the man pays for it whether he gets it or not.

¶ A wise housekeeper first finds a good, steady young man who can pay the rent — and puts a matrimonial mortgage on him.

¶ A few men like John Sharp Williams will break the political rule against taking Presidential candidates from south of the Potomac River.

The Song of Academic Degrees

COLLEGES are conferring their degrees. The degrees given after three or four years of academic work are degrees that represent the best forces in American life. The degrees also which are given the graduates of professional schools of law, ministry, medicine and engineering represent efficient contributions for the development of civilization.

But what are known as honorary degrees represent a more questionable condition. Such degrees may often, indeed, be called honorary, because those who receive them have in no sense won them. Not a few of them are the result of suggestions of friends and in some cases of political manœuvring.

In general, honorary degrees do represent certain worth, even if not high scholastic or other attainments. They may not signify that one is learned in the doctrine of divinity, but they do serve to indicate that one is a clergyman of public efficiency or denominational zeal. They may not signify that one is learned in either the civil or the canon law, but they do tend to prove that one has made a worthy contribution for the betterment of man.

The degrees of all kinds which are given in American institutions are in number about three hundred; but the larger share of this vast variety are seldom conferred.

Our Vulnerable Point

THE English are having a lot of fun jeering at Russia as an exposed military bogy. They seem to have forgotten that less than four years ago England was itself exposed even more humiliatingly. For there is no comparison between the forces that are combining to abase Russia as a war power and the handful of farmers within easy reach of two of England's prosperous and populous colonies who were conquered only when they had been decimated.

The truth back of both these exposés is a warning against the imperialistic craze. It was that craze which caused England to embark in the South African enterprise, which is proving to be the most disastrous since George the Third's lunacies. It was that same craze which drew Russia into the bottomless bog in which she is now floundering. And we ought not to forget that, if we should ever become engaged in a foreign war, our vulnerable point, our only vulnerable point, would be the Philippines. Defending them against any one of half a dozen great powers that could easily attack them would cost us dear.

Behind the Tariff Wall

THE friendliness, appreciativeness and common-sense of the Moseley Education Commission's report on America make its criticisms most instructive. Here is one worth thinking about:

"Most American products which are used by the million are of a much lower grade of form, color and presentment than our own (British), poor as many of ours are just now."

The truth of this appears the instant an American thinks about it; and into his mind comes also the well-known facts about the wholesale and shameless adulterations of food products. What is the matter? With all the raw materials of civilization in abundance, with the best workmen in the world, why does the average American consumer have to put up with so much that is trash and trashy?

Can it be that the trust and monopoly, operating behind the lofty wall of prohibitive tariff, have something to do with it?

The Stairs of Fame

IT IS the fashion in these days of intimate biographies and morning and afternoon chronicles of personal details to deny even to our highest the privilege of perspective. The President of the United States is "Teddy" and the man next to him in power — the Speaker of the House of Representatives — is "Joe," and we have merry anecdote and incident until we might slap them on the back, inwardly wondering how they ever got into such important offices.

In all ages the fact has found various expressions in literature, the best probably being this form of it by Longfellow:

> The mighty pyramids of stone
> That wedgelike cleave the desert airs,
> When nearer seen, and better known,
> Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

Globe-trotters eat their luncheons and snap their cameras on the immortal steps, and in the hidden corners the young man and the eternal feminine flirt and jest. The mighty pyramids are only ancient masonry, and the absence of an elevator is deeply deplored.

Our statesmen, in the words of Thomas B. Reed, are "politicians — who are dead," and all our geniuses are hidden far back in the encyclopedias of biography. The pyramids of the day are distressingly familiar: so human, in fact, that the only difference we can see between them and ourselves is their towering.

But there is honest good in it all, as there is in most things on earth. We may lose the noble proportions of our successful men but we get a better idea of the flight of stairs that leads to their summits. Take the cases of "Teddy" and "Joe," and, to be perfectly impartial in this year of Presidential politics, take the cases of the leading men in all the parties' What do we find? A most instructive harmony of architecture. The flights of stairs are common material uncommonly well used. Good health makes a solid beginning; home influence tends upward; practical education lifts; industry rises; common-sense, cheerfulness, moral force, personality and the other virtues and attributes have their elevations, and integrity runs through all from foundation to capstone — the granite of the whole structure.

So we may see the merits of each of the flights of stairs. But we should not forget that it takes all of them to make the pyramid.

Getting the Right Start

A PHRASE that has become historic was that uttered by a very bold orator in a Presidential convention when, speaking of Grover Cleveland, he exclaimed: "We love him for the enemies he has made." The enemies were Tammany and its followers. We find almost every day in the newspapers something like this: "Mr. Blank is a man of estimable qualities, of fine business standing and of admitted ability but he is a member of Tammany." Or it may be a citizen in another city who is personally acceptable — but who is a member of the local political ring or the crowd that stands for easy ethics or doubtful methods. In each case the qualification carries its detriment.

Since the dawn of recorded speech a man has been known by the company he keeps. There is no escaping the responsibilities of association. Individual excellence may have a summit of its own, but it belongs to the range of its geography. This is true not only in politics but in business, and it is especially important when the man reaches across his business into the field of politics. Thus comes, especially to the young man starting out, to the graduate who is now deciding upon a career, the supreme importance of choosing wisely, of deciding upon what attachments he shall have in the future. He cannot, even for the present advantages they may offer, enter into relations of uncertain integrity without suffering in the long run. He must bear his share of the discredit that may be attached in the popular mind to the society in which he moves, whether it be a circle of politics or of business operations.

As a rule, the highest doesn't always pay the best at first. The great success almost invariably has its early sufferings. The finest careers start modestly and endure patiently. The first rewards are not so material as pride and hunger often wish, but the right purpose receives a chastening which results nobly in the after years. This is no commencement day poetry, but the actual lesson of human experience.

"I am not a rose," said the ancient, "but I live with the rose, and I have become sweet."

The Woman Who Wins

TO A RECENT discussion of the woman-and-business question a woman sent this contribution: "I am engaged in the business of being beautiful in face, form and dress. I find that men pay the highest wages to women in my trade."

That sounds clever and seems plausible. But will it bear examination? Do the "highest wages" go to the women who devote themselves exclusively to being physically attractive?

One does not need to think long of the women of his acquaintance — those who have married well and those who have not — to reach the conclusion that those women who have had only physical attractiveness, only the ability to please the eye, have been, as a rule, the reverse of successful. On the other hand, neither is physical attractiveness a guarantee of success — that term is here used in a purely material sense. The secret of success lies, for women no less than for men, in qualities that lie below the surface; and very often the development of those qualities is prevented by devotion to the development of the surface advantages.

The pretty women and the women who think they are pretty should remember that the women who have held absolute sway over men have rarely been astonishingly beautiful and have often been lacking even in style. The woman who wins is the one men like better the second time they see her than they did the first time.

The Eastern Continent

THE present war is commonly regarded as one between Europeans and Asiatics for the control of a distinct continent called Asia. Naturally, Asia appears as the home of the Asiatics.

A clearer idea of the actual situation would be gained if we could forget the purely artificial distinction between Europe and Asia and look at the great Eurasian continent as the unity it really is. We should then see a vast land mass with a dense population of yellow men along its eastern and southeastern edges, a dense population of white men along its western and southwestern edges, and a huge, almost vacant space between. The question is whether this empty immensity shall be occupied by the white men from the West or the yellow men from the East.

Although Asia is commonly looked upon as a densely populated continent it is really in four-fifths of its extent more sparsely settled than any other great division of the world except Australia. Compared with Africa or North America it is virgin soil. The great bulk of the population is concentrated in India and China proper, which in area form only an insignificant fringe of the mighty mass of land — a fringe just about equal to that which, at the other end of the continent, is occupied by the white nations of Europe.

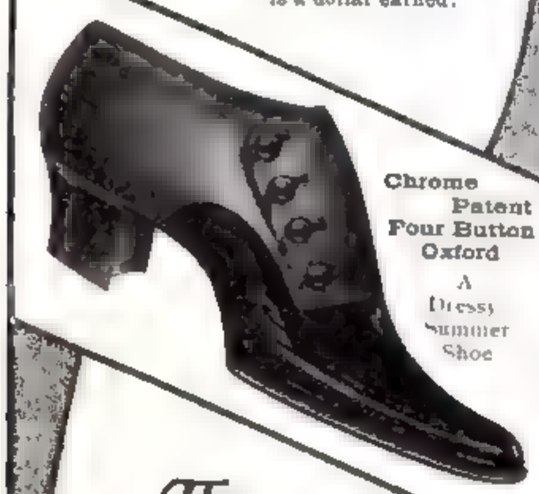
We speak of "Russia in Europe" and "Russia in Asia," but there is really no such distinction. There is simply Russia. It happens that the greater part of the area of Russia is east of the Urals, making her, in one sense, an Asiatic power, and the greater part of the population is on the west, making her, in another sense, European. In reality, she is both and neither. The low slopes of the Urals are not to be compared with the Rockies as a line of separation between continents. The ideas of Europe and Asia are survivals of the little ancient Mediterranean world. The very existence of Russia makes them obsolete.

Daniel Webster and Henry Clay

IN A SPECIAL article which appeared a few weeks ago, the statement was made that The Riggs National Bank of Washington still had in its possession some unliquidated notes of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. The bank, however, after going through its old papers, makes a denial of the statement, saying that it holds no notes bearing the signatures of Daniel Webster or Henry Clay.

The Two-Fifty Shoe

"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."



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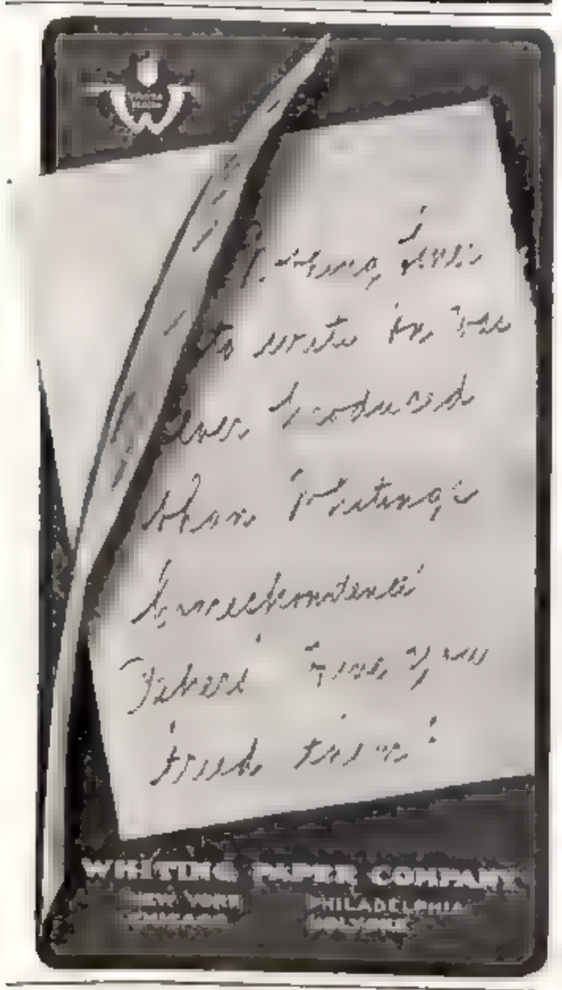

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The Young College Man's Chances in Business

By H. J. HAPGOOD

IF YOU had been in the office of a large Eastern manufacturing concern one morning twenty-five years ago you would have noticed about the place an air of suppressed mirth. Staid old bookkeepers and youthful clerks went about their duties with smiles lurking on their faces. The cause of their merriment was a tall, spectacled young man who was awkwardly sorting vouchers at a desk in the corner. He had begun work only that morning, and the fact that he was a college graduate was what amused the office

The idea of a man who was entitled to write the letters A. B. after his name taking up work in a factory office was in those days something novel. Time spent at college was considered worse than wasted except for the man who was going into a profession. It was the novelty of the case which had led the head of the firm to consider the college man's application, and it was partly pity for a man who had thrown away four years in useless study and partly curiosity to see how big a failure the fellow would prove that finally led him to offer the young man temporary work. The employer quieted his better business judgment by saying that a man whose head was full of Greek, Latin and other nonsense might be able to earn seven dollars a week during the busy season

But this young college man overturned some of his employer's pet theories. His ignorance of the most ordinary business matters led him into many ludicrous blunders, but he bore the ridicule good-naturedly and, what was remarkable with beginners in that office, he didn't make the same mistakes twice. The busy season passed and he wondered why he was not asked to leave, for he was too inexperienced to realize that he had made good in a most emphatic manner and was developing faster than any other man in the company's employ. As a result of his success the next year two more college men were hired, and this year over fifty young graduates begin work for this same company

This incident illustrates the marvelous change of front which employers have made toward young college men. Twenty-five years ago less than thirty per cent. of the graduates went into business, and when any of them succeeded it was considered very commendable in them to have overcome the handicap of a college education. The idea of entering college with the avowed purpose of preparing for a business career was almost unheard of. Only a few rich men's sons did this and their subsequent success was invariably attributed to "pull" rather than merit

The Life of the Big Corporations

Nowadays the conditions are exactly reversed. Over sixty per cent. of the college graduates enter business, and they are not employed out of charity or as experiments, but because employers have found them to be first-class investments. You can find scattered all over the land large corporations that employ college men exclusively and whose offices are veritable university clubs. Many employers go to the extent of sending representatives to the various institutions every spring to select from the graduating classes the men best adapted to their needs. Others conduct schools in which college men are instructed in the details of the business. The men are paid while learning, and on the successful completion of the course they are given permanent positions. In short, the college man is no longer sneered at or merely tolerated in business, but is actually sought. Employers who close the door to him attract attention because they are so few

The reason for this change of front on the part of employers lies in the young college man himself. He has made good in the face of opposition which at times seemed unconquerable, and has proved that the value in business of a college training is not a doubtful theory, but a cold, hard fact.

Large corporations, always on the lookout for new ideas, were the first to appreciate the value of college men. In fact, many of these corporations owe much of their success to the fact that a few years ago they began the practice of employing each year a number of college, university and technical school graduates. As a result they now have working forces which for loyalty, enthusiasm and all-around ability cannot be excelled. Many a corporation can trace the present extent of its business to the efforts of college men on the road and in its shops and offices

The success achieved by the college man is surprising even to those who are most enthusiastic over his capabilities. One of the largest electrical manufacturing concerns in the world began hiring college men ten years ago and is now engaging annually over one hundred. During this period a careful record kept of the progress made by new employees shows that ninety per cent. of the college men have made good while only ten per cent. of the non-college men have succeeded. Facts like these are significant. As the company's general manager said, they are "proof enough of the college man's value in business."

Business Life a Vacation

What constitutes the value of the college man? What quality enables him to achieve success where others fail? First of all, he is capable of an unusual amount of hard work. "It's like taking a vacation—I have to work only nine hours a day," remarked a young college man at the end of the first month after graduation. And he was not joking. He had started in college without a cent, paid his way unaided, taken high rank in his courses, and, in addition, had been active in athletics. Having been accustomed to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day the year round without even a brief vacation, it is small wonder that he found business life comparatively easy. It is so with many undergraduates. Whether rich or poor they know what it is to work, either at their books, in athletics, or in some of the countless phases of student activity outside the classroom.

It is doubtful if many non-college men would have been as willing to work as a certain Princeton man who went to Chicago recently in search of employment. He secured a position as assistant cashier but found it would require two weeks to have his bond approved. Being out of money, he was forced to hustle for his daily bread. The first job he could find was that of day laborer, and for two weeks he wielded a pick and shovel in the city streets!

Another college man, an engineering graduate, who began work last year for a New York manufacturing concern, was by mistake set to carting slag in a barrow. Distasteful as the work was, he determined not to protest but to stick to it. When the mistake was discovered ten days later, and he was placed at more congenial employment, he found that he had made a pronounced hit with his foreman by showing that he was not afraid of manual labor

The low salaries at which college men will start form another strong point in their favor in the eyes of employers. While in college they may weave fanciful dreams of the big money they are going to earn as soon as they are graduated, but when they at last face the stern realities of the world they are not slow in coming to their senses on the salary question. "I will not take a position paying less than $3500," said one college man in January of his senior year. By March he had lowered his price to $2500. After graduation he thought he might consider $1200, provided there was sure to be immediate advancement. Now he has started work at ten dollars a week, and when he sees how much he doesn't know he considers his employer more or less of a philanthropist to give him even that.

But there is no philanthropy behind the employer's action—only business pure and simple. In his eyes the college man is a piece of human property with a speculative value. For several months he will make many blunders, some of them very costly, and will probably not be worth half the salary he receives. At the end of that time, however, the employer knows from experience that the

A Machine That Counts
or
Things That Count

A Twentieth Century Business Assistant

Every good business man is continually striving to find methods which will economize time and abolish the detail of his business.

It is the constant drudgery of detail that saps the nervous force and undermines the vitality of men who depend on their brain rather than their muscles for their livelihood. Yet there is simply no shirking them, for any error will often offset the whole frame work which rests on these details for a foundation.

It is the ordering of affairs, the planning of work, the directing of forces for which the successful business man must conserve his strength and no longer stride has been taken toward the solution of this problem than that of the American Arithmometer Company, of St. Louis, in perfecting and placing on the market

The Burroughs Adding Machine

This machine automatically lists and adds the longest columns of figures in a fraction of the time required by the human mind.

No accountant, however expert, is infallibly accurate; that would be expecting too much, but with the Burroughs Machine error in addition is a mechanical impossibility

It is no wonder that the business world has welcomed it with eagerness. The need of absolute accuracy in every business system is imperative. Every one who has seen the whole office force of his concern working long after business hours, footing up long columns (that most wearisome of all tasks), looking for perhaps one or two errors that prevent the closing of the books, will easily appreciate the need of something that will obviate all this waste of brain and time

The machine will list and add 100 items in a minute and 6000 in an hour. Its operation can be learned in ten minutes and a surprising speed can be acquired in a few days.

In appearance it is not unlike a typewriter, but its operation is far more simple, all that is required being to touch a key and move a lever.

After the listing is finished, the machine immediately hands the operator a printed record of the various items with the total automatically printed under the list.

Actual use demonstrates its worth. Over 17,000 banks and business houses have adopted it. The manufacturers are willing to refer to anyone of these and to further demonstrate its worth, will place a machine with any responsible concern for a thirty days trial test. If for any reason it does not come up to expectations, the company will remove it.

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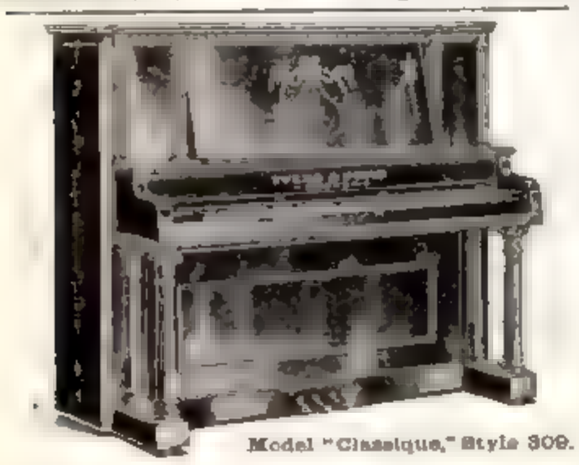

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youug man should begin to develop ability and within two years be outstripping men who entered business when he entered college

It is the trained mind of the college man that gives the employer confidence in him. When he finishes his course at the university, college or technical school he may have little practical knowledge of business, but he has the ability to get to the bottom of things, to grasp a vast amount of detail, to profit by his own mistakes and learn how to achieve results. He does not work blindly. Before he has been at work very long he knows exactly what part his duties play in the routine of the business, and such knowledge enables him not only to fill his position well but to grow into something better. He is a man who will be ready for promotion whenever it comes

Take the case of the young college man who had a clerical position in the advertising department of one of the largest department stores in Pennsylvania. When the advertising manager suddenly died one day there was no available man for his place. But the department must have a head, and as a temporary makeshift the college man was allowed to step into the position. To the firm's surprise the work of the department—preparation of copy, purchase of space, and the like—went on without a hitch. The college man had been quietly fitting himself for this very opportunity, and after a month's trial he was appointed manager.

Why College Men Succeed

Two young graduates of a New England college began work last fall at ten dollars a week. Before many months they decided that they were not getting what they were worth and that the thing to do was to go into business for themselves. So they scraped together a few thousand dollars and bought a magazine It took just six months to sink their money and find out what they didn't know about business. It was a bitter pill, but they took it bravely, went back to their old positions, and earned their promotion.

This ambition to make money is another reason for the college man's success. He believes the world owes him a large salary and sets out with a firm determination to collect the debt at the earliest possible moment. When he finds out that the only way to secure a large salary is by starting at the bottom of the ladder, working hard and earning it, he goes about his task in that way. A year-old graduate of Cornell says (not in a boasting way) that within three years he will be earning $10,000 a year. Although this amount may be a trifle large, it would not be surprising to see him earning $5000. A non-college man of equal ability would probably never be able to do so well because he would not have the courage or confidence in himself to aim so high.

The fact that the young graduate's head is crammed full of theories used to be a strong argument against him. Now it is used in his favor. Men who can devise theories and put them into successful practice are wanted in the business world. The vertical system of filing correspondence, the card ledger, the loose leaf ledger—these and a hundred other ideas that have worked revolutions in business methods are the result of theorizing. The college man has the ability to theorize developed to a remarkable degree; all he needs is the practical knowledge and experience to bring his theories down to earth and make them of actual value.

It is preposterous to claim that a college course will insure every man success in business. The man with really good stuff will attain a certain measure of success no matter what education he may have, but the four years in college will strengthen and develop his ability. College cannot make the inherently weak man strong, but it can and does make the strong man stronger. The president of one of the greatest business houses in the United States, a man who has worked his way up from the bottom round of the ladder, remarked the other day that he would give a year of his life to have had even one year at college. He is a man of broad experience, he has been in the thick of the fight for success, and he knows that fight would have been easier and his present success greater if he had received a college education. Successful men may sneer at the college as a preparation for business, but they can never prove that they would not be abler and more successful men if they had been college trained. The best answer to their arguments is the rapid increase during the past forty years in the number of college men who are succeeding in business.

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ARE you subject to headache from no definite cause? Does your spine send jarring shocks up your back to your head every time your heel strikes the hard pavement? Do you feel like walking on "tip toes" to save your nerves?

Get a pair of Heel Cushions. You slip 'em right inside your shoes—they fit perfectly. They're imperceptible; light as a feather—but heavy enough to evenly distribute the weight of your heel. Then you'll realize how much bad pavements and hard leather heels have upset your nerves.

Tred-Air Heel Cushions really do increase the height

They are made in special heights for men and women. You can slip them into your shoes and nobody will know they're there but yourself. They give grace to your stride and make walking a real pleasure.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. per pair.

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The patent air-cell construction and pure rubber confine the air, make the heel springy, lighten the step, and walking becomes a joy.

They can't track mud and dirt because there are no unsightly holes in the treading surface.

Non-Slipping. Less Weight. More Spring. Purer Rubber. Cost the same.

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Strongest where ordinary stockings are weakest

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SEQUIL

Or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of the Real Diary of a Real Boy

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MAY 23, 186— brite and fair. my hens are laying buly now. I gess they dident have very good cair when me and Beany and Fatty was keeping Lady Clara i tell you a feller whitch keeps a horse cant pay mutch atention to ennything else

MAY 24, 186— brite and fair. tonite me and father went down to old man Collins he wants to sell father his cow. he says she gives 20 quats of milk a day. father says the milk we get of the milk man is all chork and water

MAY 25, 186— rany as time. father ofered 30 dolars for old man Collins cow. he wants 35 dolars. she has got auful long horns. old man Collins said she had auful big milk vanes. father said they was varry cose vanes and she want wirth 30 dolars but he wood give it to help out a old man. old man Collins he said if she kep on giving milk the way she was a giving it they wood have to milk her in a tub. then father he said he gessed she give so mutch milk that it want good for ennything and old man Collins he said you cood take the creem up by one corner and lift it out like a old pair of linen britches they dident trade tonite

MAY 26, 186 brite and fair. tonite me and father went down to old man Collins agen father said he was going to trade for that cow only i must shet up and not say ennything. he said you jest wach me and you will lern sumthing about trading. so I wached him. well we went down and father said well mister Collins how do you feel about trading tonite. and old man Collins he said, I gess you are two late George for i have sold her to a man in Hanton Falls and father said what did you get for her and old man Collins he said i told him he cood have her for 35 dolars and he ofered me 33 dolars and 50 cents and i said the first man whitch ofers me 35 dolars gets her, and i gess he will be up tomorow morning. then father he said have you made the trade and old man Collins he said he hadent made enny trade but he had kind of let the man understand he cood have her for 35 dolars. then father he said he wood give 35 dolars and old man Collins he said he dident know about selling her xcept to the Hanton Falls man but if father wood give him 37 dolars he cood give the Hanton Falls man 2 dolars if he came up and was disapointed so father he give old man Collins 37 dolars and we got a romp and tide it round her horns and led her home when we got home we tried to get her in the barn, father he went ahead and she folowed him in and all of suddin she backed out lively and father came out jest fluking, holding on to the romp and taking feerful long stradles. he looked so mad that i dident dass to laf. well father held on like a good feller and bimeby she stoped. then father said so so and held out sum meal in a pail and got her in the barn and tide her to a post. then he give her sum hay and we went in and he told mother she had beter make sum araingments to sell sum milk for we was going to have 20 quats every day. then mother she said if the cow gives milk like my hens lade egs they woodent be mutch milk to sell, and father said you jest wait til morning. then we went down to old Gechels store and father he bought the bigest milk pail he cood find.

MAY 27, 186— brite and fair. this morning me and father got up erly and we went out to feed the cow and i pitched down the hay and father he set down and begun to milk her, he brought out the big pail and a little one to use after he had filled the big one. well the ferst thing he did was to aim a streem rite in my eye. then he milked in the pail and it made a funy sound, well he kep milking and bimeby it stoped coming, and he squeazed away as hard as he cood and he coudent get a drop and bimeby he give up and said he gessed it was becaus she was in a new place and was loansum when we went into the

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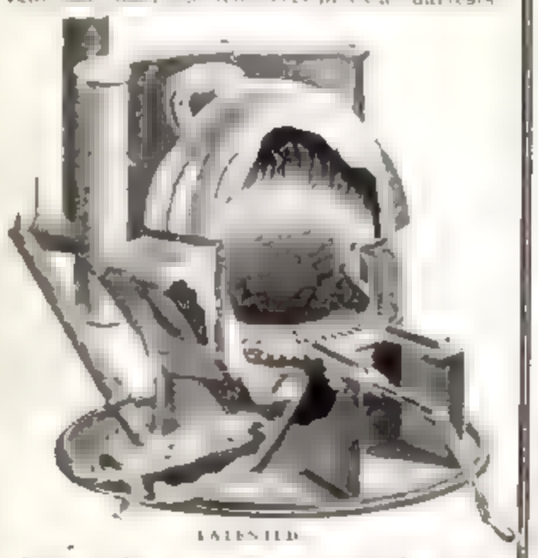

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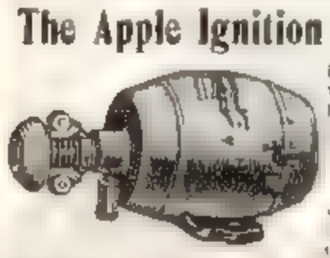

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on a freezer pail are sunk in the wood and cannot fall off. Confined exclusively to the

Lightning Gem and Blizzard

RUNS EASY

Write for "Frozen Sweets," by Mrs. Rorer—free

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

JUNE 1, 186— brite and fair. today we had a great time at brekfast. father was home becaus sumtimes he gets tired. we had boiled egs for brekfast and mother she boiled the egs i found in the nest. well we set down to the table and father he helped us to egs and basket and he took up a eg and held it over his glass and hit it a paist with his spoon and it went off jest like a pop pistol and father said thunder Joey the infernal thing is roten and we all held our nose and ran away from the table and you never smelt such a auful smel. well mother she made me take the egs all out behine the barn and throw them away and i did, and when i got there i had sum fun pluging them at J. Albert Clarks big apple tree and i hit it most every time and every time i hit it the eg popped like a pistol then i went in to brekfast and mother was burning some coffy in a duspan to take away the smel of the roten eg. well while we was eating brekfast J. Albert Clark he came in and said i had beter come out and clean of his apple tree and burn a rag and father made me take a pail of hot water and clean it of. J. Albert needent have been so fusy for it wood have all dride in a little while

JUNE 2, 186— brite and fair. i wish that old cow was ded. Beany hasent got back yet.

JUNE 3, 186— brite and fair. i am in bed i aint sick only i havent got enny close to wair. tonite after father had milked the old cow i thougt i wood try it. so i got a tin diper and went out and set down and began to squeage and she kicked me rite thrugh the barn door and rite into the manure pile. when i got up i was all covered and Aunt Clark was in her back garden and she saw me and asked me if i was hurt and i said i wasent and she said for mersy sakes dont come near me but go round to the pump. well i went round to the pump and mother and Aunt Sarah and Aunt Clark pumped on me and threw pails of water on me and scraped me with peaces of shingle, and when they had got me prety clean mother made me go in the barn and take of my close and then she put me in a tub in the kichen and washed me in warm water and soped my head and then sent me to bed. i have got to wair my best close tomorow and i cant go out of the yard i wish that old cow was ded. father said it sirved me jest rite

JUNE 4, 186— Brite and fair. Beany has got back. tonite he came over and told me about the fun he had at Bideford. we was going to ring doorbells tonite but i had to stay in the yard and it was sunday two.

JUNE 5, 186— Brite and fair. today Scotty Brigam let me take his bugle and i lerned to make 2 notes my mouth was all sweled up and my face aked. it aint so easy house and straned it thrugh a siv they wasent quite 2 quats. mother she laffed and asked what he had done with the other 8 quats and father he said you wait til tonite. then he et his brekfast and went to boston and i et mine and drove the old cow to pasture. i found a robins nest in a pine tree and took one eg it is all rite to take one becaus the old bird cant count

MAY 28, 186— brite and fair. last nite after super father milked the old cow again he only got 2 quats and a half. he was prety mad and he said he wood get even with old man Collins sum day. tonite he met old man Collins and he asked father if she milked esy and father said yes and he asked father how mutch she give and father said she give more than he wanted. that want a lie for father dont like milk. i bet father will get even with him sum day. nothing else today but church

MAY 29, 186— brite and fair. i have to go to pasture 2 times every day. I like to go in the woods but i dont like to have to go. today i found a nest in the barn with 15 hens egs i gess mother wont say mutch about my hens now

MAY 30, 186— Rany. Beany has gone to Bideford to see Tom Cleves. i hope Tom will come with him when Beany comes home. i went up to Whacker Chadwicks tonite. Beany has been sick he et two mutch pork

MAY 31, 186— today it was hot and we had a thunder shower. it rained when i was driving the old cow from pasture and i made her run from old Nat Gordons way home Sam Dire said she wood give bludy milk, so when father milked her i wached and it want a bit red. so i gess she is all rite.

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The Resagos cigars, our full size 1[illegible] to 5⅛ inches about five inches—large, long and good. These cigars have been [illegible] testimonials from every part of the United States expressing satisfaction, of which we [illegible]

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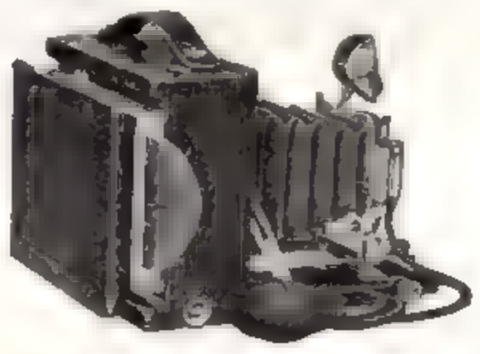

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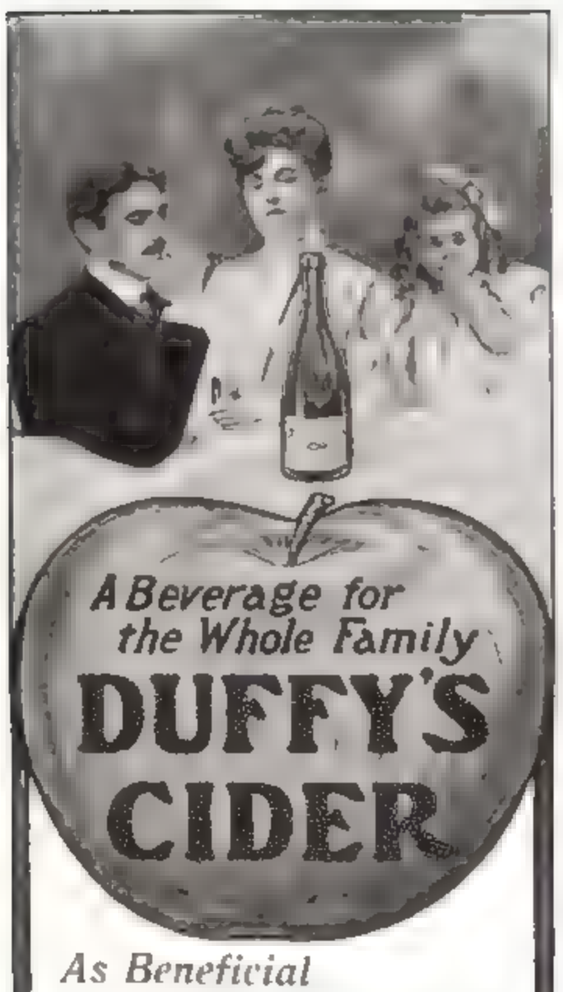

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as a tin whissle but i can make more noise on it i gess i shall never get that cornet

JUNE 6, 186— i have to pay all the money i can ern to get corn for my hens

JUNE 7, 186— Brite and fair in the morning but cloudy but no rane in the afternoon tomite me and Beany rung doorbells. we dident get cought but we came prety near it

JUNE 8, 186— Rany tomite the old cow kicked father and nocked him rite of the stool and spilt about a quat of milk all over him. bulv i wanted to tell him it sirved him rite but i dident dass to

JUNE 9, 186— Clowdy but no rane father has sold the old cow to Eben Garland the bucher. bulv. Aunt Sarah asked mother what she gessed he wood have next and mother she said she gessed he wood by a gristly bear for he had bought most everything but that. he says he gesses he will have sum sheap for they cant bite or kick and dont eat much

JUNE 10, 186— brite and fair. the baby had the croop last nite the minit he coffed croopy father and mother jumped out of bed and father he fell over a chair and that waked us all up. then he tride to lite a lamp and he cood not find the maches and he swoar round feerful. well mother she lit the lamp and they all went tearing round and they got sum hot water and made the baby eat sume eg and sugar and put hot close on his neck and prety soon he was all rite

JUNE 11 186— I hate to go to church we have all got to be vaxinated. sum people in the next town have got the small pocks Beany has been and Pewt two. Beany says the doctor takes a nife and cuts a hole in your arm and then puts on a big scab whitch has come of somebodys arm whitch has been vaxinated, and that stops the blud. but he says that if the scab dont fit you bleed to deth. so i asked father about it tomite and he said that Beany lied about it, but he says if you are vaxinated with the scab of a redheaded person your hair will turn red, and if he has warts or frekles you will have warts two and frekles. father said once when he was a boy he knew a feller whitch was vaxinated with a scab of a cock-eyed man and bimeby the feller began to squint and he kep on squinting wirse and wirse and bimeby he was cock eyed two and father he said he knew another feller whitch had a wooden leg and he sent his scab to another feller to be vaxinated and that feller began to limp and he always walked stifleged i gess father was fooling enyway i hope i shant be vaxinated with Skinny Bruces scab, because he is redheaded father he said he was going to get a scab of Horis Cubb for me and perhaps i wood have a little fat on me and not be so spindel shanked. i wish i cood get a scab of Gini Erly and i cood lick time out of Pewt

JUNE 12, 186— brite and fair. Beany has a awful sore arm he dont dass to rassle

JUNE 13, 186— brite and fair Pewt has got one two

JUNE 14, 186— brite and fair tomorow nite the doctor is coming

JUNE 15, 186— brite and fair. last nite after super the doctor come and he went into the parlor and father and mother and Cele and Keene and me and George and Annie and Frank and the baby was all in the setting room. well ferst father went in and he was only in there a few minits and he dident holler enny and then he come out hallowing, and i asked him whose scab he had and he said he dident know but it must have been from sum minister becaus he had been thanking the lord it was all over. then mother she went in and father told her he had got the scab of old Mike Casey for her. mother is english and she dont like the irish and father said it to plage her. well she went in and then Aunt Sarah went in and Keene and Cele and they dident holler eether then my turn came and i went in and it dident hurt a bit only sort of smarted tickly like. i asked the doctor whose scab i had and he said Bruce Brigams. bulv Bruce Brigam is the best cornet player in town. i bet i can play like time if i ever get a cornet. then the rest of them went in and none of them hollered xcept the baby. father told Cele that he got old Nigger Tash's scab for her and he gessed she wood begin to turn prety dark colored before a week or 2

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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That's why some foods leave you hungry They don't feed the whole body
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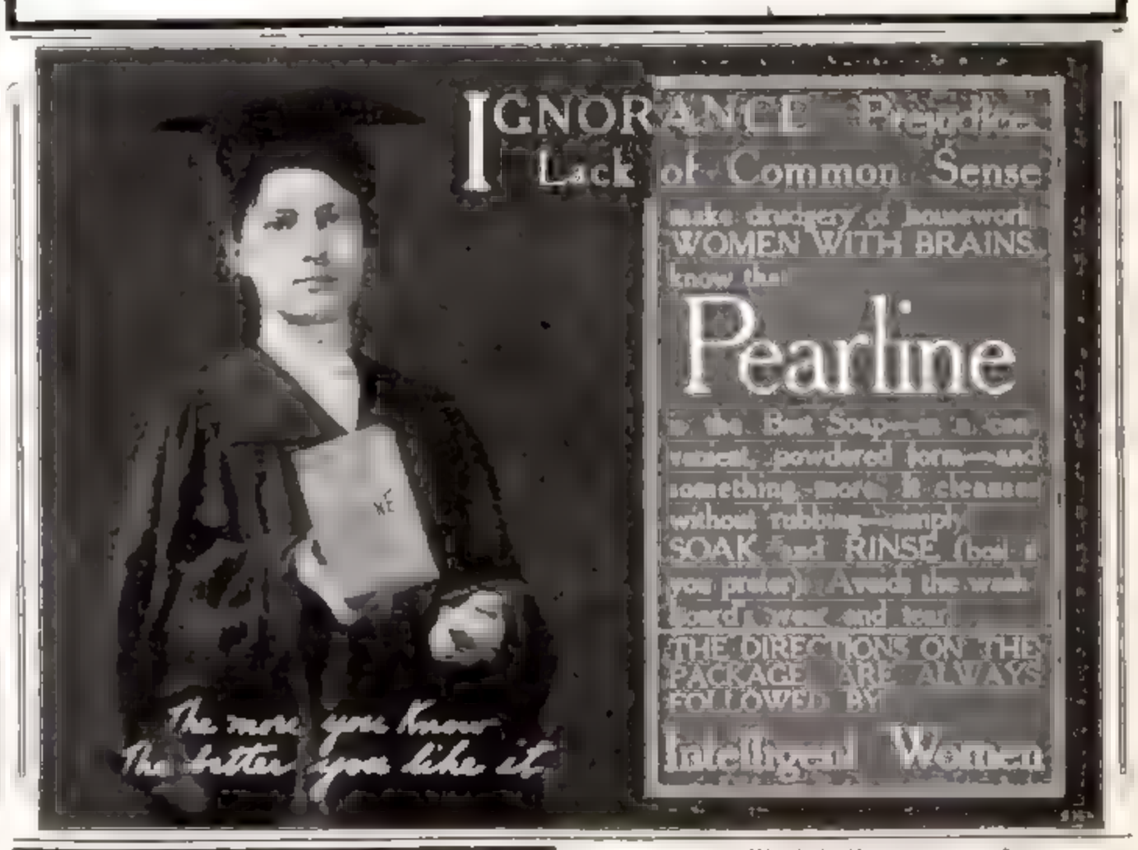
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France Said No

Concluded from Page 5

"He put his hand on my arm, and then resuming his slow walk along the terrace this spendthrift popinjay this perfumed exquisite, parading his extravagance and the wealth derived from unparalleled corruption, this fascinating but also odious courtier read me a lecture

"'You have asked for a definite answer, my dear M. Lamar. I wish you had not insisted on it, because the answer must be a refusal, and I hesitate to refuse you, because that may lead you to regard me as unfriendly to you and result in the loss of your friendship and many days of friendly association. Withdraw your ultimatum, I beg of you No? Then I must answer. Commercial France, powerful as it is, does not rule the Empire. Away back, years ago, when the United States were fighting to throw off the British oppression, a sympathetic revolution broke out in France, and it developed into a sanguinary convulsion, an overturning that shook France to its foundations The motto of the French in that calamitous revolution was "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." It became the religion of the people, this sentiment. Lafayette, who had fought for the United States, and brought back the hope that France too, might be free sacrificed, health, wealth and personal comfort and happiness in order that he might contribute to make the universal dream a reality. Republicanism prevailed, but time and circumstance have brought other revolutions; at last the Empire revived an attempt to continue the glories of Napoleon I is established. We have as much fraternity as is safe for us Of equality there is all that our people really care for. Of liberty there is just as much as is consistent with the security of the State. But outside the Government, France at heart is idolatrously devoted to the old motto. It cherishes the sentiment of liberty as a sacred sentiment, and not even the Emperor himself would dare openly to disregard that devotion

"'And what is it that you, my dear M Lamar, would ask France to do? You ask us to approve and assist a government based upon the idea of slavery! You ask us to sanction a government that frankly proclaims itself in favor of perpetuating indefinitely the involuntary servitude of an entire race. Can you not see that it is impossible? You ask us to declare that France is for "liberty, equality, fraternity," and—slavery! After we had done that, France does not contain the statesman who could save the government from immediate dissolution. The Empire, great as it is, would not survive the declaration a day. No; again I say, it is impossible; and it gives me a profound sorrow, because you have chosen this beautiful day to spoil it, by compelling me to say that you must never expect it.—It cannot be done.'

"We parted with mutual assurances of unbroken friendship, and I went dejectedly back to my waiting associates. They sadly admitted that further effort to secure official aid would be a waste of time. We saw a ray of hope, as we thought, in the projected joint invasion of Mexico by England, Austria and France; an invasion abandoned by England before it had fairly begun, and by France when that method of impairing the prestige of the United States became dangerous. Through the cessation of the Civil War, and the opportunity for the United States to assert anew the Monroe Doctrine, France was led to desert Maximilian and his Austrians and sacrifice them to the mistaken conspiracy to set up a monarchy in America Then we all realized how hollow had been the assurances of France to us, seeing that France under the Emperor would have been willing to inflict injury to the United States over our shoulders, and that the South might have been made contributory to the restoration of French power over the Mississippi. The Southern Confederacy would have been made an unwilling party to its own absorption as a part of the dominion of Napoleon III. He did not tell me that Gortschakoff had communicated the news that Russia regarded with disapproval the European effort to divide the United States, which he must have known and which we soon discovered

"I did not meet De Morny again. He held on to his place as president of the Corps Législatif until his death, in 1865. He died before poor Maximilian had been abandoned by France and sacrificed to the awakened zeal and love of liberty in Mexico. He died a debauchee, the victim of his degrading excesses"

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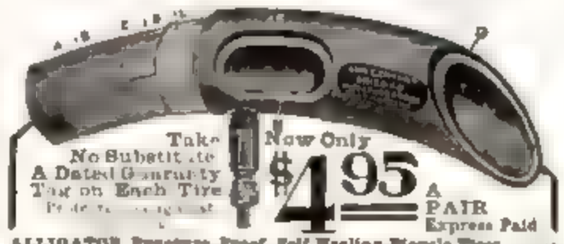

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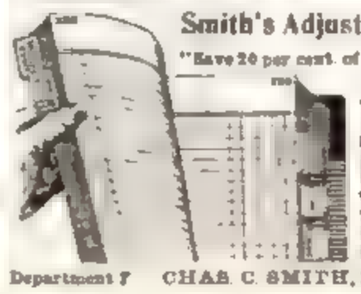

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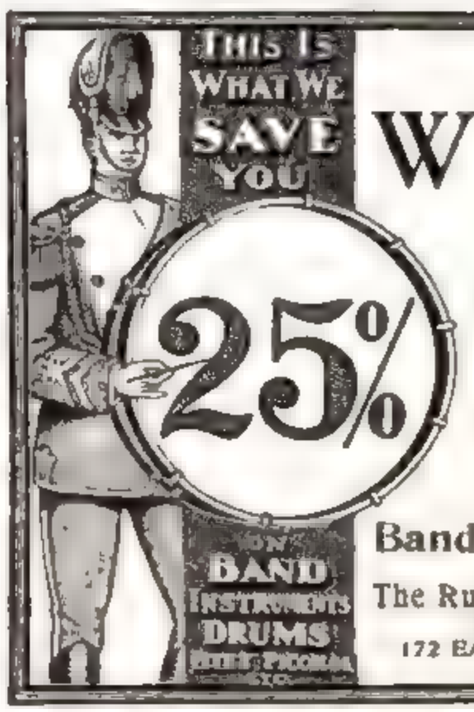

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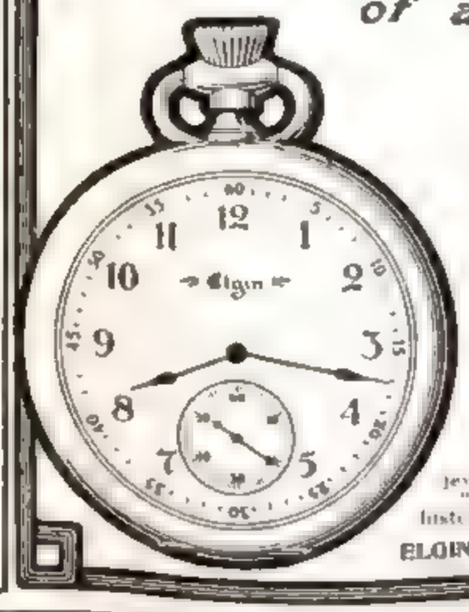

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How the King Drank to Himself

Continued from Page 2

derelict that had entered there so short a time before. Even the expert valet was amazed at the transformation, and stood back admiring as if this were his own creation, which indeed, it partly was. The long, gray hair now brushed back, framed a noble face on which the lines of hardship added a saddened dignity. The valet threw a cloak over his shoulders to ward off the rain, and together they went back to the hall.

The Master met his Chairman at the door and escorted him up the room to the distinguished coterie at its farther end.

"Revelstone," he cried jauntily, "let me introduce the accessor to the deposed."

"I am always delighted to give place to a better man," said Lord Revelstone, laughing.

"An older soldier, not a better, my Lord," rejoined Sheraton.

Conversation became general, and Sheraton more than held his own; even Lord Revelstone, member of the Cabinet as he was, unbent before the sparkle of the Chairman's wit.

Then Majesty entered, and there was a hush, in spite of the incognito. The King proved to be in most genial mood.

"Mr. Chairman," he cried, "I do not know how it is with you, but I have brought with me to this hospitable hall a most plebeian hunger."

"In that case, Baron, it is my command that dinner be served immediately," whereupon they all took their places, the King on the right, Lord Revelstone on the left, with others down the table according to their degree.

At first the dinner was rather silent, as was right and proper where appetites are keen, as his Majesty had said, but by and by hilarity began in the Chairman's circle, and extended down the board as his remarks passed down from lip to lip. The gathering was beginning to be proud of its Chairman, for the King himself roared at his sallies.

The King was there by virtue of his membership, and not because of his Royalty, yet nevertheless, it was the custom that no speeches should be made on the occasions when he was present; but at the end of the dinner his Majesty himself infringed upon this rule, asking the Chairman to arise and tell to all present some of the stories that had so delighted himself, and this being virtually a command, notwithstanding the fiction of the absence of Royalty, the tall figure of Michael Sheraton rose amidst an outburst of applause led by the King.

The Master gazed at him anxiously, for the pale face had become flushed, and the sunken eyes sparkled dangerously. He breathed a prayer that his protégé might come safely through this ordeal, but, nevertheless, feared what the wine might say. The favor of the great is but a fickle asset, and the Master hoped Sheraton would leave well alone. But he need have had no fear. After the first few faltering sentences Sheraton held his audience in his grasp. Now and then he had to pause as the roars of laughter echoed to the vaulted roof, but in that eloquent wealth of humor there was, nevertheless, an indefinable undertone of sorrow which affected every listener, who felt, although he laughed, that the orator had equal power to start the tear if he chose. He spoke for scarce ten minutes, and came at last to his magnificent peroration, when the Master thought that all was safe. Intoxicated doubly by the wine and his own rhetoric he made a mistake as had been feared, and it did not need the Master's gasp and the muttered "tut tut tut" of Lord Revelstone to point out to him his breach of etiquette.

"Gentlemen," he wound up, holding his glass aloft, "I give you the one toast of the evening: His Majesty, the King!"

Sheraton recognized his error the moment the words had escaped him, but he drew himself up and stood his ground. Fully three quarters of those present rose to their feet, and there was an awkward pause of several seconds, during which some of those standing endeavored to sink inconspicuously into their chairs again.

The ruddy color had now left the face of the Chairman, and he spoke slowly and calmly, like a judge pronouncing sentence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is the last place on earth where I should have expected to find men ignorant of law and precedent. The toast I have given is only disallowed in the presence of Majesty. The King is not here; therefore, gentlemen, I charge you, drink to the absent King."

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"He is right; he is right," cried Baron Ayrshire springing to his feet, raising his glass aloft and clinking it with that of the Chairman. "The King! And if I am the only man here to say it, God grant him wisdom!"

Now every one was on his feet, and cheers rang out with cries of "The King! God bless him!"

When the uproar had subsided it was hushed entirely by the King speaking.

"I thank the Chairman," he said, "for that toast. I thank him on behalf of the King, and it would have done his Majesty good to have heard those cheers. And now, Revelstone, continued the monarch in a lower voice, "we must have a place for one so adept at getting out of a difficulty as Mr. Sheraton is."

"Baron," said Revelstone sententiously, "the place awaits him. If Mr. Sheraton will do me the honor to be my guest to-night we will talk it over."

But the Master had slipped round beside the Chairman, carefully placing a glass of very old brandy before him, for he saw that the man was done, swaying slightly and trying to hold himself rigidly against the table.

"My Lord," interposed the Master, "Sheraton has already promised to be my guest to-night, and you know that members of our profession never relinquish prior rights. If your Lordship will name an hour to-morrow we will call upon you. And now, Chairman, you alone of all the members here have not drunk his Majesty's health. Sorrow at our ignorance of law and precedent has made you forget. So now make amends."

Sheraton smiled wanly and gulped down the potent liquor tendered him, while his Majesty regarded him with a quizzical smile.

And thus the long lane came to its turning, the darkest hour was before the dawn, and Michael Sheraton had found his footing at last.

Grains of Salt

By Wallace Irwin

The Tar and the Reporter

"O sailor coming from a cruise,
I represent the Daily News—
What items do you bring?"
"Oh, nothing that the likes of vouse
Would think was anything.

"Our ship was shattered in the squalls
Our crew was et by cannibals
Our passengers was drowned,
Our captine sank with piteous calls
And nevermore was found

"Three months I lived upon a bun
And thus survived, the only one—
But otherwise we made
A commonplace, eventless run
From Tyre to Adelaide."

The Boat that Ain't

A stout, fat boat for gailn
And a long, slim boat for squall
But there isn't no fun in sailn
When you haven't no boat at all

For what is the use o' calkin'
A tub with a mustard-pot—
And what is the sense o' talkin
Of a boat that you haven't got?

Reminiscence

When many years we'd been apart
I met Sad Jim ashore,
And set to talkin' heart to heart
About the days of yore

"Do you recall them happy days?"
"I don't," says Jim; "do you?"
I speaks up hearty, and I says,
"Be jiggered if I do!"

"Then why are you recallin' of
The joyful days gone by,
The songs and girls we used to love"
"What songs and girls?" says I

"I guess I have forgot," says Jim,
And started N. N. E.
It seems I had the best of him
And him the best of me.

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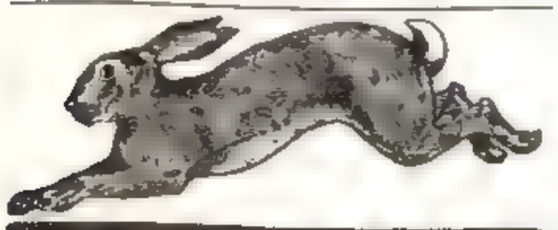

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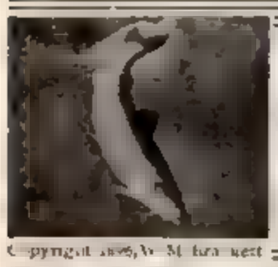

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Where the Money Came From

(*Continued from Page 9*)

due consideration to the terrible temptation to which the workman on strike is sometimes subjected. To expect that a man dependent upon his daily wage for all the necessities of life can lightly see a new man employed in his stead is to expect too much."

It is one of his root principles to help only those who have shown the disposition to help themselves. Whether he is to be praised or reproached for it—and many of those "thoughtful, earnest men" whom he desires to have for his judges will be against him here—he has built no Essen, no city of model dwellings for his workmen. He would go no further than the establishment of a system by which the workman could borrow largely for the purpose of building for himself.

A Specialist in Philanthropy

And it is according to this principle that he is governing his philanthropy at large. While ten millions may go to the encouragement of scientific investigation, from which the whole race, worthy and unworthy, must profit, another ten millions is made the auxiliary of all that moneyless youth seeking for higher education in Scotland. Whatever town or city may desire a library may have it for the asking, and these libraries are, of necessity, as open to the idle as to the industrious. But he applies his theory of philanthropy wherever it can be applied. To foreign missions and to charity, in the common sense of the word, he has given not at all. He believes that the duty of a race is to itself, nor is it his wish "so much to raise the submerged tenth as to help the swimming tenth to keep their heads above water." At times this has all the seeming harshness of a natural law. To the Braddock technical institute he gave $300,000; to the library, $200,000; to the hospital, $100,000. Nor is this any accidental ratio. The same holds true for the towns of Duquesne and Carnegie. "I am an evolutionist," he announces again and again. And, consciously or unconsciously, it is obvious that he is attempting in his own way to apply the principle of natural selection.

That principle guides him, too, in the general education of the race which guided Froebel in the teaching of little children—that it is from pleasure that we learn most easily and take our real development. It is this which is behind this giving of libraries. It is even more to be marked in his establishment of picture galleries and concert halls. He calls for more public playgrounds and swimming baths. And if he has given very little to churches, more than three hundred organs bear witness to his belief that music may deliver the message when the sermon fails.

Above all is it necessary, too, to remember that whatever his enthusiasm for the thing as a magnificent game at the commencement, it was essentially the nature of the man to begin at once to make as comprehensive a study of philanthropy as he had of iron and steel. And he is now as thorough a specialist upon his new subject as he was upon his old. You will look long before you find him telling any one how to make money, but he will put all the concentrated zeal in the world into teaching you how best you may give it away. In his letter to the officers of the University of Birmingham, England, contributing to and counseling them as to the extension of their scientific school, he sets before them two models: the technical department of Cornell and that of McGill College, Montreal. He advises them to copy the latter. When speaking of public parks he calls attention to the admirable efficiency with which a piece of rough and barren hillside has been treated in Bergen, Norway. He points out, too, how capably the matter is dealt with in Dresden. "The owner of the leading paper there bequeathed its revenues forever to the city, to be used in beautifying it. An art committee decides from time to time what new artistic feature is to be introduced, or what hideous feature is to be changed, and as the revenues accrue they are expended in this direction." For the man who has only hundreds and not millions to give—"the twenty-five pounder class," as he has called them—he can also offer expert counsel as to the establishment and control of tiny libraries which may circulate their books in the public schools of the surrounding country districts.

His own manner of giving libraries he thought out with the same calculating deliberation which the rich man of the old kind

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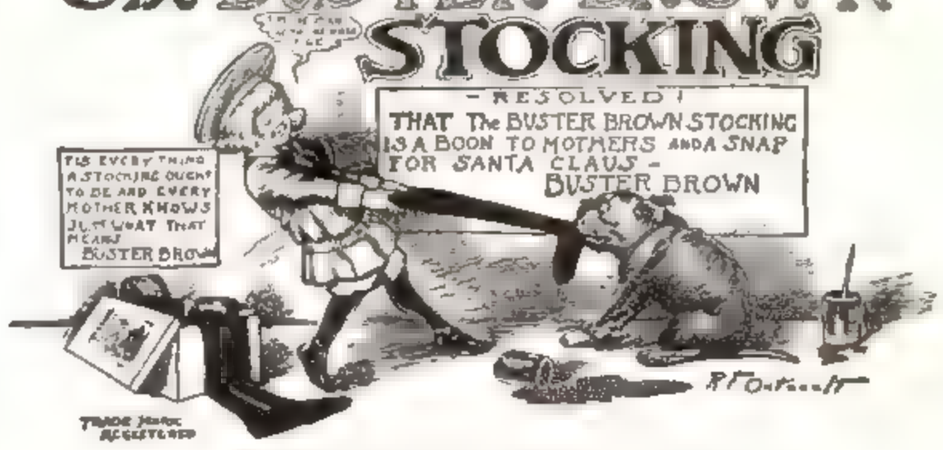
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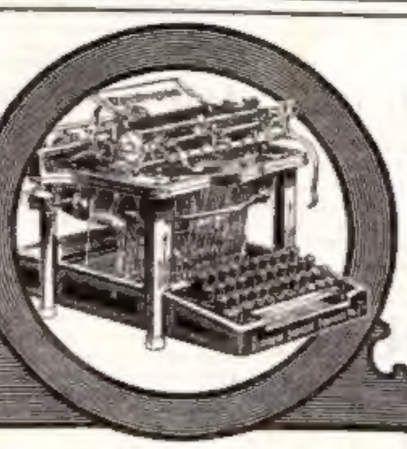

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The brilliant pen-wielder whom we have been most willing to accept as prophet and interpreter of this age has told us bluntly and brutally, and with a thousand variations, that the wise modern is a materialist; that what the wayfaring man wants is "bulk in his insides"; that if he is working ten hours a day with his hands a soul will have no place in him; that he is a pessimist because he has come to recognize the insignificance of his kind; and that before the puny weakness of the biped the great machines which in this century have been wrought of iron and steel and brass uprear themselves almost as gods. . . . Now, in Carnegie we have one who wots something of working with the hands, and who knows with what fullness it may take the place of wrestling with the spirit. He has lived the life of the strong man among material things; he should be able to tell us whether bulk in one's inside can take the place of the soul, and whether the might of machinery shall be glorified while the weakness of man—who made it—be a thing to jeer at.

The Artisan Turned Philosopher

It is a strange, incredible thing, but this master-artisan turned philosopher is not a materialist at all. He does not value machinery very greatly. He seems to think that all power lies between a man's two temples. The one *actual* thing about the great business he built up was that league of partners of which he made himself the centre. "Take away all our factories, our trade, our avenues of transportation, our money; leave me our organization, and in five years I shall have reestablished myself." He, too, believes in work. He believes that "industry is to human society what movement is to air and sea." And again: "If we do our appointed work and leave the rest with the Unknown, there is always peace at the end." But this would seem to call for work that cannot be done altogether with the hands. Moreover, he does not appear to believe that man was put into this world to work, but rather to be happy. Nor is his voice—and it is a thousand times more the voice of this so much misunderstood industrialism than that of any mere pen-wielder could ever be—in any wise that of the pessimist. "It is impossible," he cries, "to set bounds to what the race can do, or what it may become, physically, mentally or socially." His system of morals is one that springs from a sure and triumphant optimism. "What a man owns is already subordinate in America to what he knows; but in the final aristocracy the question will not be either of these, but what has he done for his fellows? When has he shown generosity and self-abnegation? When has he been a father to the fatherless? And the cause of the poor—when has he searched that out? How has he worshiped God will not be asked in that day, but how has he served man?" He is a philosopher, according to Gladstone, who teaches "high thought, and amiable words, and courtliness, and the desire of fame, and love of truth, and all that makes a man."

How Sad!

By McLandburgh Wilson

I

The broad and flowery road is smooth,
Well ballasted the sections;
The straight and narrow road excels
In terminal connections,

The operating cost is large
While each is a diverger—
Why can't some genius great arise
To bring about a merger?

II

The candidate is nowadays
In trying posture found;
For though his head is in the clouds,
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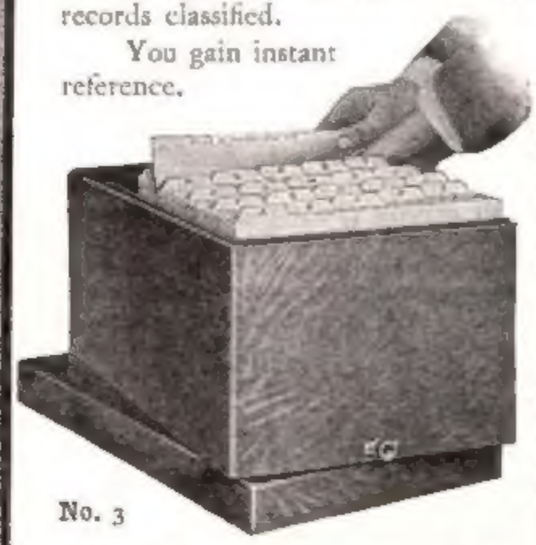

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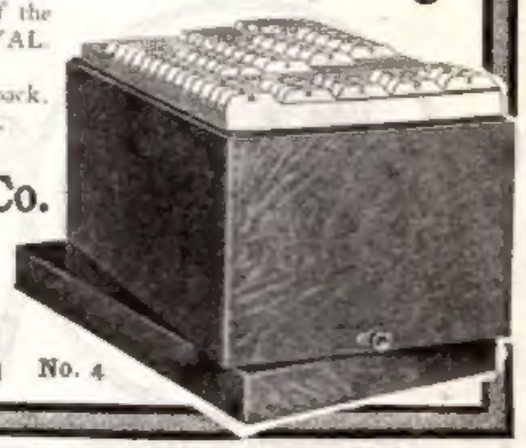

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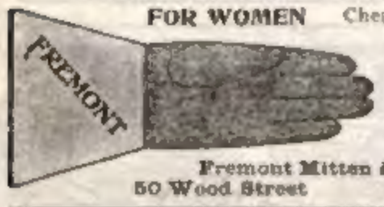

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HURRICANE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 11)

From the deck came a burst of applause. She laughed in delight, and winked up at me.

"I can do more with them than your guns," she said boldly, and was sailing into the next verse when the Princess intervened.

"Mademoiselle," she said in French, "you are inconveniencing the officers. They have much to do."

Mademoiselle turned about angrily, and met the Princess' gaze. "You are a tyrant, my Princess," she said, and nodding sweetly to Barraclough and myself, left the gallery.

CHAPTER XII—IN THE SALOON

I THINK it was from that hour that I began to get on badly with Barraclough. It was in his power as acting captain, no doubt, to remit certain precautions, but the remission of those precautions was not to the credit of his head. He had been beguiled by the siren, and she, doubtless, by her vanity or her freakishness. When she had gone he turned on me.

"What the devil do you want interfering, Phillimore?" he demanded. "I'm in charge here."

There never was a man so insensate. I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, it was not my interference that was successful," I said curtly.

He walked abruptly to the window and opened it wider. I could not be mistaken as to the bulky form that blocked it.

"Nice music, Captain," said Holgate's wheezing voice.

"I'll give you just three seconds to quit, or I'll put a hole through you, you infernal rascal," said Barraclough savagely, raising his revolver.

"Oh, we're in no hurry," said the mutineer cheerfully, and moved away.

I suppose that some gleam of reason prevented Barraclough from firing. He barred the windows afresh, and came back to me.

"Why the mischief doesn't he attack?" he exclaimed peevishly.

I did not know, but I was near guessing just then. In point of fact I did guess that afternoon. I paid my usual visit to the forecastle and the hold. Legrand played the same farce with remarkable persistence, and I was no longer puzzled by him. He was biding his time, like Holgate, and his reasons were obvious.

Holgate maintained his friendliness; inquired civilly after our health, and how the ladies bore the seclusion.

"I wish I could make it easier for them, but I can't, Doctor," he said amiably.

He was an abominable liar, but I had a certain admiration of his effrontery. I was glad I could meet him on his own ground; so I answered deliberately:

"Of course, it would spoil your plans to get the job over."

He eyed me, smiling. "As how, my friend?" he asked.

"You would rather have us in charge of the treasure than yourself," I replied.

He laughed. "Doctor, there's imagination in you, as I've always said. It's a pity I made that blunder about you. Not that it matters now. Well, you've nicked it. What's the odds? You are welcome to the truth—now."

There was a perceptible emphasis on his last word.

"You're not afraid of the attack?" I said.

He shook his head. "Not much. While we have a common object we're all right. I'm afraid of success. Doctor, you've a penetrating eye. Why, the treasure might break us up. If you had sent it down to me I believe I'd have sent it back. That would have been your best chance. I wonder you didn't think of it. But you've got your flaws. If you'd sent that treasure down I'd have had to take it; and you might have sat down and waited on events. But it's too late now. I know where I am."

"And where's that?" I asked bluntly.

He smiled craftily. "We enter the Straits of Magellan this extra special night," he said. "Let's put it at that."

"And what's to come?" I asked in the same voice.

"Lord, one would suppose you in the counsels," he said equably. "And in a way you are. Well, you can hand over that treasure, which you have been good enough to guard for me better than I could myself, as soon as you will. I've no objection, now. Good-evening, Doctor."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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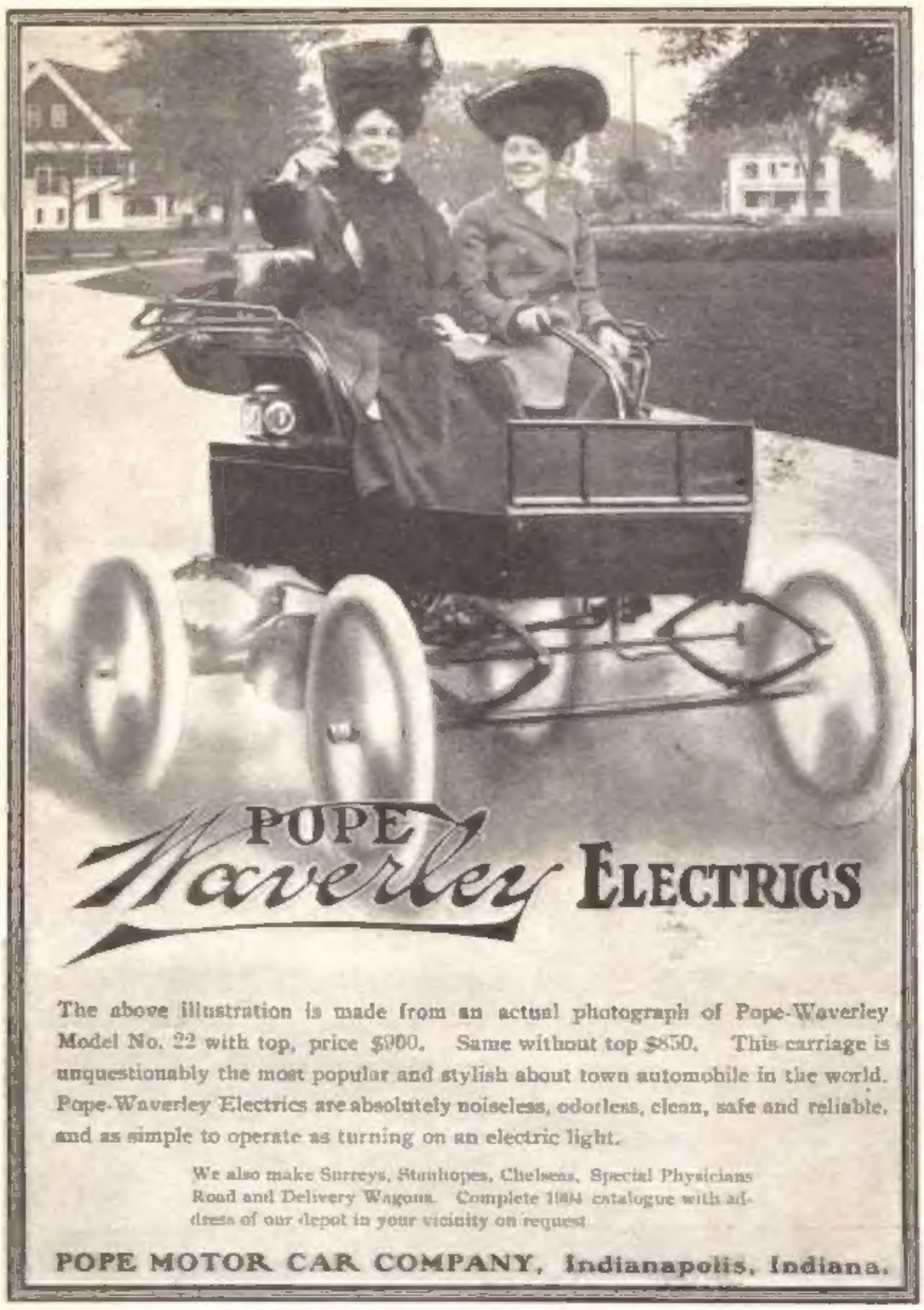

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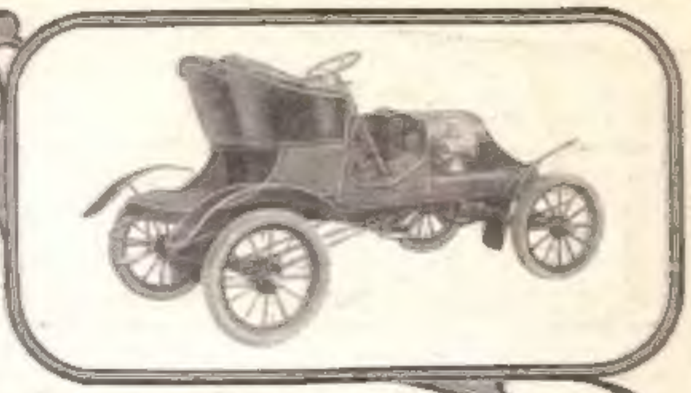

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